

The Listener

and
B.B.C. Television Review

Vol. LXV. No. 1665.

THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 23, 1961

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Sutton Poyntz, Dorset, which is 'Overcombe' in Thomas Hardy's novel *The Trumpet Major*; see 'A Half-open Door' by C. Day Lewis (page 358)

After the Death of Lumumba
(a discussion)

How to Transfer Authority
By Sir Ivor Jennings

The Greeks and Science
By G. S. Kirk

The Arts in China Today
(a symposium)

The Paintings of Francis Bacon
By Stephen Spender

Architecture and the Human Sciences
By Reyner Banham

Book reviews ★ Bridge ★ Crossword ★ Music ★ Radio Criticism ★ Recipes

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and Oasthouses

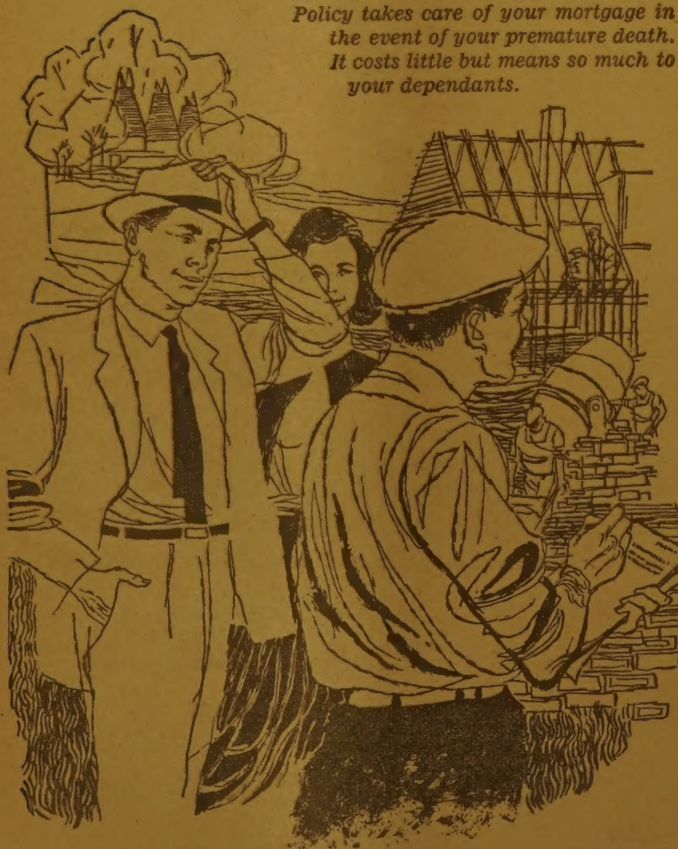
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The Listener

Vol. LXV. No. 1665

Thursday February 23 1961

REGISTERED AT THE G.P.O.
AS A NEWSPAPER

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After the Death of Lumumba

B.B.C. foreign correspondents consider the international consequences

The following discussion between Thomas Barman, B.B.C. diplomatic correspondent, John Crawley, B.B.C. correspondent with the United Nations, and Douglas Stuart, B.B.C. Washington correspondent, was broadcast in 'From Our Own Correspondent', in the Home Service, on February 18

Thomas Barman: In the United Nations, and in the international field generally, there is the same feeling of tension and uncertainty as there is at present in the Congo itself. The murder of Mr. Lumumba has sparked off acts of violence in many parts of the world, a hysterical and overwrought kind of violence, as if the people indulging in it had been waiting for just such an opportunity. That is what makes it all rather horrible. And the Russians have seized this opportunity to launch a new and fierce offensive in the Cold War; they have been pouring out a stream of the most appalling abuse against Mr. Hammarskjöld, a great deal of it designed to influence their own people within the borders of the Soviet Union. And they are conveying the impression that they are on the point of doing something very dangerous in the hope of building up their position on the continent of Africa. This obvious incapacity of the Russians to tolerate a point of view that is not absolutely identical with their own is rather frightening. The crime that Mr. Hammarskjöld has committed, at least in Russian eyes, is that he has opposed Mr. Khrushchev's policies in the Congo, and so, so far as Mr. Khrushchev is concerned, Mr. Hammarskjöld is a capitalists' lackey and an enemy who must be removed at all costs.

What is the position in the United Nations? It looks from the reports reaching us that Mr. Hammarskjöld's standing among the Afro-Asian states is not as strong as it was under Mr. Khrushchev's attack in September of last year.

John Crawley: I think that is right. The Soviet attack as it is being launched now is certainly not getting support in the Security Council. There are eleven members in the Council and

ten of them have now made it plain that they are not going to line themselves up with the Soviet Union in saying Hammarskjöld must go. But there are many countries that are outside the Security Council, and there is no doubt that among them there are some who are ready to go along with the Soviet Union in attacking Mr. Hammarskjöld: Guinea, Mali, and now more recently Yugoslavia. More surprising, to me, has been the fact that a number of countries that in the past I think would have sprung to his support have either said nothing about it, or have said 'Well, this is going too far'. Of course, the position of the Western Powers is pretty straightforward; the support given by the United States, Britain and so on is undoubted.

In Mr. Stevenson's speech for the United States one was conscious of the shift in African and Asian opinion; he went out of his way to develop a different line on anti-colonialism, as he is prepared to call it, from that of Mr. Wadsworth and Mr. Cabot Lodge, who were in the United Nations before him. They used to say: 'We're not a colonial power, we never have been'. He comes out strongly and says: 'We are an anti-colonial power, we're the oldest anti-colonial power'; and, furthermore, he does not use this as a stick to beat the Russians with. He says 'I am glad that the Russians are attacking colonialism because we attack it, too'. This seems to me to be a noticeable change.

Douglas Stuart: Yes, I think that here in Washington there has been a distinct shift of United States policy, particularly towards the Belgians. The Americans are now saying that the Belgians must leave the Congo; they have not said it as strongly as that before. The reason behind this is that the State Department now considers that the Belgian Government no longer controls the Belgians in the Congo, particularly the Belgians in Katanga. The controlling force there, they say, is the Union Minière—the vast privately owned Belgian ore-mining concern—and in the State Department's view this concern is dictating the

policy of Mr. Tshombe and is disregarding the advice of the Belgian Foreign Office. So I understand that, behind the scenes, the Americans are pressing the Belgians to nationalize this company, so that it will respond to orders from Brussels; and this may well be one of the topics discussed between President Kennedy and M. Spaak, the retiring Nato Secretary-General, when they meet in Washington.

Barman: When you say that they are developing a more critical attitude towards the Belgians in Washington, is that a general statement or is it directed only against the Belgians? What I mean is this: is it necessary for the United States Government, in order to provide adequate support for the United Nations, to indicate a more strongly anti-colonialist line than in the past?

Stuart: Yes, I think so. With their eyes on Latin America they want to be anti-colonialist and to be, as it were, on the side of people struggling for liberation, not only liberation from 'colonialism', but liberation from economic serfdom. The American attitude over the 'Santa Maria', for example, showed that Portugal is not going to get much support from the Americans in hanging on to their colonies in Africa and elsewhere.

Mr. Hammarskjöld and United States Policy

Barman: Crawley, would you say that Mr. Hammarskjöld's position in the U.N. depends in part upon this American attitude?

Crawley: I think it does, because there is little doubt that he is now being tied up in the minds of a number of Africans and Asians with the United States. There is a feeling that he tends to carry out the policy of the United States more than the policy of other countries, and so far as they have this feeling that the United States is changing its policy, that would make a certain amount of difference in their attitude towards Mr. Hammarskjöld. I do not think it is true that he does carry out the policy of the United States, but this, I think, is a feeling. Could I add to what Stuart said about there being a change in the policy towards Belgium? It is a striking change, because about two months ago the Eisenhower Administration was openly critical of Mr. Hammarskjöld for a report which criticized Belgium, and on that occasion the feeling was that they were coming to the support of their Nato allies. That attitude, as you can see, has gone entirely.

Stuart: What the Eisenhower Administration thought was that really nothing could be done in the Congo without the help of the Belgians. Now that help has obviously been thrown overboard by the Kennedy Administration.

Barman: Crawley, I wonder if we could go back a little on what happened when Mr. Khrushchev was in New York last September. It seemed then that one day Mr. Khrushchev was attacking Mr. Hammarskjöld very bitterly indeed, no holds barred at all; the next day he was saying 'Well, it really wasn't a matter of personal criticism of dear Mr. Hammarskjöld, it was a matter of principle'. This time, it does seem as if Mr. Khrushchev is determined to settle the matter. Is that your impression?

Crawley: Yes, there has been a distinct change. It is now an all-out personal fight as well as a fight against the institution. Incidentally, I think there is little doubt that the Russians are probably now feeling that they made a bad start: they might have had a chance of getting rid of Mr. Hammarskjöld now—in fact, he said the other day that he would have resigned—had they not made it perfectly clear that they wanted to destroy the office.

Barman: But what happened to the statement that Mr. Hammarskjöld made, that he was there not to help the Great Powers so much as to represent the small who could not look after themselves? Has that gone by the board?

Crawley: It has not gone by the board but it has been changed in an interesting way. He said originally that he was there to help the small powers, and as long as they wanted him to stay he would stay. He said this time he was there to help the uncommitted powers, and there is a subtle change in that: there are a greater number of small powers who are now being regarded as committed. Guinea and Mali are small powers; but he does not reckon they count. I think there is a change there.

Barman: But this switch in American foreign policy, Stuart, that you were talking about, suggests that the Americans might be the ones who would lead the small powers, or the uncommitted ones, with any luck?

Stuart: I think that this is exactly what the Americans would like to do. President Kennedy told his news conference on Wednesday: 'I am a strong believer in the United Nations, and while it is possible to say that they might interfere with some legitimate interests of ours in the future, I am prepared to say that their action in the past, present, and I believe in the future, represents the legitimate common interest of all the members of the United Nations'. I take that to be a direct appeal to the small nations to rally round the United States.

Barman: And you think that that is what American policy now is trying to establish and to do?

Stuart: Particularly in Africa. I think that what the Americans are trying to do in Africa is to secure the help of the uncommitted African nations to stand for Africa for the Africans, and a 'quarantining' of the whole continent from big-power interference.

Barman: This latest Russian reaction, particularly in the light of what is being said by the Russian press and Moscow radio to the Russian people, deliberately stirring up feelings of hatred for Mr. Hammarskjöld, does suggest that the Russians are angry and that they have been baulked in what they were trying to do in the Congo; that the blow they have suffered in the murder of Mr. Lumumba is a terrible one from their point of view. You remember Mr. Khrushchev's remark in November, after he was asked to comment upon the expulsion of the Russian mission in the Congo: 'People have said that the Soviet Union was defeated in the Congo. Just wait! We say here: "He who laughs last laughs best"'. That seemed to carry the story to an unknown conclusion, but unknown only to the extent that we did not know what Mr. Khrushchev was going to do. He had a card up his sleeve—that card is now lost. Would you accept that, Stuart?

Stuart: Yes, to some extent, but I think that here in Washington the Government believe that the communization of the Congo is the main Soviet aim. Perhaps they might have been able to do it if Lumumba had lived, because the Americans were undoubtedly thinking in terms of liberating all political prisoners, and that included Lumumba, to form a coalition government; and from the past one would expect that Lumumba would have been, not to put too fine a point on it, a Soviet stooge. But, even dead, Lumumba, a martyr, is a powerful figure, and with the help of the United Arab Republic, with Mali and with Guinea, there is still a chance that the Soviets will exert a great deal of influence in this turbulent republic of Africa.

Barman: If Mr. Hammarskjöld says he will not resign and stays on for the term of his contract, is there anything particular the Russians could do to make his position utterly impossible? Could they, for instance, cut off finance?

Cutting off Finance

Crawley: They have already cut off finance so far as the Congo is concerned and that is a serious aspect of the thing. They have not paid a penny from the beginning. They can always withhold their contributions; there are sanctions that can be applied, but they take rather a long time to do. I rather doubt whether they will do it; they did not do so in the case of Trygve Lie, where they were pursuing a somewhat similar policy, and they went on for a couple of years; they still paid.

Stuart: Is not this question of cutting off finances rather a difficult thing for the Russians? Doesn't the Charter say that if they get more than two years behind they lose their voting rights in the General Assembly?

Crawley: Yes. But I think it is also true that a number of states are constantly a long way behind and there is great unwillingness to enforce this rule. The finances are very rocky.

Barman: What do you think the effect of all this is going to be on the policy of the new U.S. Administration?

Stuart: Here in Washington, I think President Kennedy is listening to two voices: there are those who are urging him to prepare for a meeting with Mr. Khrushchev to discuss arms control and a nuclear test ban treaty; and there are those urging Mr. Kennedy to give up seeking an accommodation with the Kremlin and to concentrate on uniting the Western Alliance. It would seem that in the next few weeks it will be the Russians, and particularly the Russians in the Congo, who will make up the President's mind as to which of these two voices he listens to.

How to Transfer Authority

SIR IVOR JENNINGS discusses problems of newly formed nations

NEARLY twenty years ago, when D. S. Senanayake asked me to prepare a Draft Constitution for consideration by the Ceylonese Ministers, I asked him what sort of Constitution he wanted. He replied that he was not very concerned with the details, because what he wanted was a transfer of power from British to Ceylonese Ministers. I have heard that sort of remark several times since. As Dr. Hastings Banda said not long ago, it is a question of *power*.

I think this attitude is short-sighted. First, nobody can transfer power, except in a purely legal sense. What is transferred is legal authority, and legal authority does not necessarily confer power. If you have legal authority to knock a man down, you still have to knock him down; and he may prefer to knock you down. Similarly, if a group of nationalists have legal authority to govern, it does not follow that they have the power or capacity to govern.

We have a classic example in the Congo. The Belgian King and Parliament transferred legal authority to the President and Parliament of the Congo; but within a few weeks there was such anarchy that the

United Nations had to step in. The machinery of government is complicated and sensitive because it is composed of people, and because it requires the collaboration of people. A host of public servants, civil and military, have to obey orders; even then, government will not be efficient unless the people as a whole accept leadership loyally and enthusiastically.

That is why the transfer of legal authority from British to Asian or African hands has been done as slowly and as cautiously as political conditions make possible. Long before the example of the Congo, we learned in India in 1947 that it is possible to move too quickly; and in India there was no question of the public services breaking down because of failure to obey orders. It was due to the fact that ordinary people felt a sense of insecurity under the new Government. In Africa the danger is even greater. Few African leaders have the vast political experience which Nehru and Jinnah had in 1947. India had been integrated under British rule for nearly 200 years, whereas in Africa political entities are still very young. India had a much larger educated class than Africa has. The Indian public services were by 1947 almost wholly composed of Indians.

Nationalists are nearly always impatient, and they often think that the British Government is being deliberately slow and evasive. But what the Colonial Office really tries to do is to glide so gently from colonial rule to independence that the machinery of government will go on ticking over as if no fundamental change had taken place. Some of the Nigerian leaders came to London in

1953 with the slogan 'independence in 1956'. The British Government refused to fix a date. There was a gradual transfer of authority, first in the Regions, then in the Federation; and Nigeria became independent, without fuss or bother, on October 1, 1960.

My second criticism of Mr. Senanayake's formula about powers is even more important. He overlooked the fact that Ceylon had to be governed not only in the first few years after independence but for all time; and this raises several questions.

There was no doubt that, for at least as long as anybody could foresee, Ceylon would have a revenue sufficient to maintain an efficient government. That revenue came from the export of tea, rubber, and coconuts, and there was no reason to suppose that these industries would disappear. Its economy would have to be diversified as its population grew, and capital would be needed to maintain the income from the three plantation crops. Even so, it began with the advantage of flourishing industries. There are places in Africa of which this cannot be said. I doubt if anybody would have suggested independence for



'To exploit natural resources, even with well-established industries like the tea plantations of Ceylon, a constant supply of new capital is required'

J. Allan Cash

Sierra Leone if diamonds had not been discovered, because diamonds and iron ore make up 70 per cent. of its exports. I suppose that Northern Rhodesia could keep going so long as its mining industry was efficiently run. But nobody has yet discovered sufficient natural resources in Nyasaland to enable it to stand on its own feet. There are resources, but they cannot in present conditions be exploited, because they are too far from their markets. I know that some politicians think that they can get subsidies from elsewhere. But subsidies which are given out of pure generosity are rare: they are normally given to secure political advantages; and whether the motive is generous or political there is always a risk of their being withdrawn.

What is more, the economic problem raises the political problem. To exploit natural resources, even with well-established industries like the tea plantations of Ceylon, a constant supply of new capital is required. In fact, the coconut industry in Ceylon is going downhill because the trees are growing old and not enough are being replaced with young trees. If there is the slightest fear of political instability the owners, whether local or otherwise, will go on taking as much out of the industry as they can and putting into it as little as they can. In short, political instability leads to economic instability. We have seen that in South Africa, which has ample natural resources. After Sharpeville, in 1960, investors thought that there was a risk of political instability, with the result that there was large-scale selling of gold shares in London. They were bought in South Africa, but

this involved a large flow of capital out of South Africa which will have serious effects on the economy of the country.

Nevertheless, the economic problem is part only of the political problem. There is the danger of the fragmentation of parties, so that no party may be able to govern. There is the danger of intrigue or corruption among the politicians. Above all, there is the danger that sectional differences may become acute and that politicians will deliberately play on them in order to win votes. These difficulties can be foreseen and they ought to be guarded against. My main criticism of Mr. Senanayake's remark is that the constitutional provisions which foresee and guard against these difficulties are fundamentally important. Actually, I did not take his remark too seriously; it seemed to put responsibility on me for suggesting what the difficulties might be and how they might be met. For the next three months we spent a good deal of time on those problems and eventually produced a Draft Constitution which was approved, with some modifications, by the Ceylonese Ministers and the British Government. It has not been a complete success; and if I knew then as much about the problems of Ceylon as I do now some of the provisions would have been different. That is a common experience; but a good deal of knowledge has been accumulated over the past twenty years. What I am sure about is that all the problems which can reasonably be foreseen ought to be solved—in so far as they ever can be solved—before the transfer of authority takes place. In other words, a detailed and permanent Constitution ought to be carefully worked out beforehand.

Each territory has its own problems, but experience does suggest some generalizations. So far, the most successful of the comparatively new members of the Commonwealth has been India. It had several advantages which most other countries do not possess: but one of them ought to be specially mentioned. The Indian National Congress was a large and well-organized party even in 1947. It was not just an assembly of politicians hoping for jobs. It had its roots deep in the villages. Its strength has carried India through since 1947. It may break up within the next decade; but there is a reasonable chance that it will have put democratic government on a firm footing for all time. It has

had an experienced and broad-minded leader in Mr. Nehru. He has been able to keep down sectional loyalties while at the same time recognizing cultural differences. He has not sought to integrate the different communities: in the conditions of India that would be impossible. He has not even tried to produce a partnership, which is the word generally used in Africa. He has sought, with considerable success, to enable every person, without distinction of race, caste, or creed, to take as large a part in the process of government as his abilities and his interests allowed. I will not say that the government of India has been a model; but certainly it is the best example so far provided. It is the example to be followed in Africa, and in fact it gives us something of a recipe.

First, we must have a Constitution which gives full protection to the various interests in the country, however diverse they may be, so as to ensure that they can play a full part in the life of the country. Secondly, we must have broad-minded and patriotic leaders who remember that, though they are mortal, the nation is immortal. They have to establish such precedents and to create such conditions that their work can go on long after they are dead. Indeed, they have to remember that their successors may have entirely different views on many of the problems that arise. In constitutional terms they have to ask themselves whether the machinery of government will work just as well when their political opponents are in office as it does now, while they are in office. Thirdly, we must have a good educational system which gives the young men and women a sense of mission, so that they will spurn the pettinesses of political rivalry and keep in view the larger patriotism.

It can be done, but it needs goodwill and hard work. Nationalist politics, like every other kind of politics, works itself into slogans, whose repetition pleases those who use them, but which gradually become almost empty of meaning. Mr. Senanayake's formula 'transfer of power' had become a slogan, though in fact he did work hard to get a united people behind him on a scheme which was a reasonable compromise of competing interests. The transfer of authority in 1948 was smooth and peaceful and the Constitution worked well until he died in 1952 and for a few years afterwards.—*General Overseas Service*

Thinking about China

The Arts in China Today

By SIR HUGH CASSON, SIR HERBERT READ and PETER SWANN

Peter Swann: Both of you have recently been to China, and, as a student of Chinese art and culture, I would be interested to know what your reactions are to the art of modern China as you saw it there. Read, what did you feel particularly about one of the oldest arts of China, painting?

Sir Herbert Read: I saw a good deal of painters and their works. I met the Artists' Union and had a long discussion with them on all points. The situation there is much more complex than it is, for example, in the Soviet Union, where there is only one officially approved school of painting. There are two or three distinct styles in China. There is the traditional school, and within that there is a greater range and freedom of style than there is in the so-called socialist-realist school which comes from Russia and is the official Communist line in art. The third is the popular art—folk art, you might call it—

the wood cuts and the New Year paintings. But within the term 'traditional' there is much scope for experiment and freedom, and they take great advantage of it. I would say that almost 90 per cent. of the painting going on in China now is of the so-called traditional type.

Swann: This is peculiarly paradoxical, because the people who have produced this traditional art in the past have been the scholar, the *littérateur*, the administrator, that very class which the communists and the revolutionary governments as a whole have been at express pains to stamp out.

Read: They have a great respect for the artist: he has probably a better financial and social position in China than any other profession or trade. He has a basic security which comes from perhaps teaching or working for a publisher; and in addition he gets a royalty on reproductions and even the proceeds from



A New Year painting, symbolizing fruitfulness, the outline printed from wood blocks in the traditional Chinese style of folk art
From 'People's China'

private exhibitions. He is essentially a professional artist.

Swann: That is contrary to the tradition existing since the fifteenth century or so, when great art could be produced only by the amateur, the other-worldly being who used painting as a means of escape from the world.

Read: They are professional in the sense that they are organized into a union and can only really function as members of that union.

Swann: Did you, Casson, have any contact with artists in particular?

Sir Hugh Casson:

Yes, indeed. I suppose out of 600,000,000-odd people I spoke to no more than about 100 Chinese, and of course through an interpreter. So one is hardly what one would call an expert. But I did find exactly the same experience as Read did. I went to two of the biggest art schools, each with 300 students. I was rather disappointed in the work they were doing: apart from the traditionalists, the standard of execution was what you might call minor English provincial art school.

Read: Yes, I would agree that, with a few exceptions, that is the general impression one gets.

Casson: But there is certainly this curious paradox that, with a new regime, you spend half your time bolstering up what looks like the old regime in the arts. In Russia, too, they spend far more money restoring old monuments and looking after their archaeology than happens in an older country like, for instance, Italy or France. Is that because they want to build up a background of respectability and stability to the new regime?

Swann: Yes, but they are genuinely proud of a remarkable tradition of some 3,000-odd years of unbroken cultural development. It seems to me that one of the crises of art in the Far East in the twentieth century, which has affected both India and Japan, is the impact of powerful Western art on their own traditional ways. The Japanese started by accepting it wholesale and throwing out their own art. They rapidly turned, thought fast, and threw out all the modern Western art, emphasized their own again, and are now trying to reach a synthesis. The Indians have done remarkable work in beginning to produce exciting modern art which is frankly Western in origin.

Read: I think the Chinese answer to 'modernism' is to go back to their tradition, which they feel is not only rich enough to include what we call modernism, but far more expressive. In their 3,000 years of artistic development they find all modes of expression which are necessary.

Swann: This is so, I think, because



Painting by a modern Chinese artist showing Mao Tse-tung leading a team of planners to survey a site for industrial development on the Yellow River

Chinese art, and particularly Chinese landscape painting, which is one of the flowers of Chinese painting in general, is essentially symbolic. Whereas the West, which has been developing gradually towards a more realistic way of art, has only comparatively recently taken up symbolism in abstract art, the Chinese have always been familiar with it.

Read: You have only to compare the so-called modern painting in China with their traditional art to realize the poverty of the modern type. I think the Chinese realize that themselves. They are compelled for political reasons to encourage socialist realism; but in their hearts they know that the art of their past is better technically, more expressive in every way, and has this symbolic value which you talk about.

Swann: At a number of periods of revolutionary artistic thought in China, they have returned to the past: often it might have been to a past which they only imagined, but it was paying lip service to the past which gave them the freedom to reinterpret their own traditions.

Casson: In visiting art schools I found that once the student has his diploma he is assured of a job, and is posted to a province or a city as an artist, to work on murals or posters or cartoons. Did you find, Read, that during much of the working day these artists might be doing a strip cartoon on, for instance, how to grow more cabbages, but in their leisure time they concentrated more on the traditional and on experimental versions of the traditions?

Read: I never met anyone in China with any leisure time.

Swann: I should have thought that was the prerequisite of an artist's life.

Read: I think there are a few artists at the top who have become free, in the sense that they are allowed to paint what they wish to paint and to live on the sale of these paintings and on the royalties from reproductions. Reproduction plays a much greater part in China than it does in



A modern painting of a Chinese family, with their farm implements and cattle, going to join a co-operative

this country. It is not despised; it is an art in itself. Many of these artists paint merely in order to be reproduced, and the reproductions, as you know, are done for the most part by hand methods. So there is a small group of painters and sculptors in China today who are comparable to our own artists in their economic freedom.

Swann: At the same time I have been rather disappointed by the products of the artists of this group. I can think of only two or three whose works really appeal to me, viewed in the context of the history of Chinese painting. I think that the major contributions to modern Chinese painting have been made by Chinese who have been trained abroad and are now living abroad.

Read: I discussed those painters with the Chinese artists in Peking, and of course they regard them as renegades, people who have deserted the communist front and have been corrupted by Western bourgeois standards. They condemn them severely, although I think secretly admiring what they do from an artistic point of view.

Casson: I remember asking a finals student 'What are you going to do?' He said he was going to a certain province and was going to be concerned with doing a series of posters for agricultural production. He was very excited at the prospect. I said: 'Suppose one morning you feel that you simply cannot endure doing one more of these posters, what happens? Are you reprimanded or sent home in disgrace?' And he said: 'I don't understand your question; I cannot see how assisting the production of cabbages could be anything but absolutely fascinating'. He was, I think, being absolutely genuine. When one is caught up in a revolutionary movement one does feel genuinely excited.

Censorship of Authors

Read: I had the same experience in discussing censorship with the Writers' Union. I could not get them to see that there was any harm in censorship. When you give some particular example of something that has been suppressed—there are two poets, for example, Ai Ching and Ting Ling, who have been completely suppressed—then conversation dies.

Swann: I am very sad that they are so opposed to abstract painting.

Read: There again is a paradox, because, as I pointed out to them, their great admiration for calligraphy as an art is really an admiration for what we would call purist art. Again, there is their use of decorative stones, large pieces of rock which they take out of the river bed and erect just as we would erect a piece of sculpture by Henry Moore. They admit that this is an aesthetic object. And when I said to them: 'In what way does that differ from a piece of abstract sculpture?' they had no answer.

Swann: Yes, we in the West have been fumbling our way towards an appreciation of the symbolic abstract art, and they have had a familiarity with it over the centuries. Yet at the same time it seems to be somewhat out of favour as an idea.

Casson: I was very impressed with this distorted rock business. Somebody sees a particular rock and brings it hundreds of miles, and puts it up with a little viewing gallery so that it can be seen from a particular height.

Read: I was given a painting of one of these rocks; it is just like a Western abstract painting, and it has an inscription which says: 'If you will look at this rock and enter into its inner being, you will see that it has all the stresses and strains of the human body'.

Casson: Did you discover how close is the cultural relationship between Soviet Russia and China at the moment?

Read: They wouldn't discuss that with me. I did compel the writers to discuss Pasternak and *Doctor Zhivago*. After we had been discussing it for a few minutes I said: 'If this book is prohibited in China, how do you know it so well?' 'Oh', they said, 'we had a translation made for the Writers' Union, and we all read it; we couldn't have arrived at an opinion about it unless we, the experts, had read it'. Then I said: 'Surely that is what we would call censorship?' 'Oh no', they said, 'that's not censorship. We have to protect the people. We didn't condemn it for ideological reasons, but it had no structure, no form; we thought it was a bad book and not worth spending our materials and labours on'.

Casson: Did you find, in fact, that their own standard of writing was of a high quality or poorish?

Read: I think one has to make a distinction here between the prose and the poetry. The prose, in so far as it imitates the modern Western novel, is very poor: the worst type of realistic and propagandist literature. On the other hand, their poetry, it seems to me, is sometimes of high quality. I discussed it with what I believed to be a sensitive Chinese critic, and he said that there was every year a considerable amount of fine genuine poetry produced and published in China. It is not revolutionary in form: in fact, it is very traditional. But it is good of its kind.

Architecture, Traditional and Modern

Swann: I would like to ask about a form of art that is essentially non-traditional in a way, and that is the art of architecture in China at the present moment. Here the traditions are not so strong as in painting and poetry, for instance.

Casson: I would not entirely agree with that, because straightforward temple architecture is so traditional that if somebody discovered a ruined temple of a certain kind or period, and he reported that the cornerpost measured four by four, and the eaves were eleven inches deep, from that, the man in the head office could reconstruct the whole building, even its colours, without going near the place at all, because it would never have been built other than in one particular way. I spent most of my time with architects, and those in positions of responsibility I found were really in a nightmare of indecision, particularly the poor man in charge of Peking town planning. He knows that he has one of the most famous and beautiful cities in the world—a responsibility that keeps him white with fatigue and worry. He also has tremendous pressure for new building; he knows he has a ghastly fire hazard in all these little courts; so he has to face the decision whether he is going to build skyscrapers or keep things low. Don't forget that even today if you go up on the city wall, you look over what is virtually a bungalow town, with the royal palace riding on the top like a great boat. When I was there, about five years ago, they were following an understandable technique, saying: 'If we must put up some buildings, we'll make them about four or five storeys high, a still modest height. We're going to build them cheaply, and if we don't like them in ten or fifteen years, down they'll come'. The ones they were putting up they were actively ashamed of; they were, indeed, very dull brick buildings.

Read: I saw later buildings, of course. And now they have, in the main square in Peking, two enormous buildings of which they are tremendously proud. One is the National Museum and the other is called, I think, the People's Assembly Hall. They are both splendid buildings from the point of view of building technique and finish, and even impressive as architectural masses.

An Exquisite Canteen Building

Casson: Far away the most beautiful modern building I saw in the whole of my trip was an enormous canteen put up for building workers in Shanghai, built of wood and thatch and reed. All the windows were glazed with oyster shells. This was run up locally to keep the workers out of the rain: it was a most exquisite thing.

Swann: It will be interesting to see if they develop a synthesis of East and West as I think the Japanese are working towards. I am a great devotee of Japanese architecture and I think they are producing some most remarkable things.

Casson: Of course their contacts with the West are so much more close.

Swann: Yes. They are logically using western materials with imagination. What we often tend to forget in the West, when we look at a building, is what has gone into it. Are there any peculiar features of Chinese building construction which left an impression on you, Casson?

Casson: Not in their new buildings. I think the trouble they must be in is the shortage of modern plant: they simply have not got enough cranes and bulldozers and concrete mixers, and so every building site I saw in China was a sort of ant heap of

activity. Women carrying bricks up ramps and endless lines of men with bags of whatever was needed. They put up buildings fairly quickly, but one has to remember that in China the winters are so hard that they have a 'shut-down' of three months in the year, when virtually no building can go on at all, because of frost. That means they have got to work hard during the other nine months. Every architect has a six-year training, as we do. And he has a three months' long vacation when he is a wheelbarrow boy, then assistant clerk of works and assistant surveyor, and then he moves up gradually to more senior administration.

Read: That goes right through their education system, this policy of 'walking on two legs', as they call it. All scientific students, for example technologists, have to do two months on the farm. And I found that scientific students were required to read classical poetry.

Casson: The other striking thing to the Western architect is the enormous number of women architects. They are actually aiming at equal numbers of men and women, both engineers and architects. In this country we have 15,000 men architects, and I don't suppose there are more than about 600 women architects.

Read: But that goes through all the professions in China, even the heaviest industries and the army.

Swann: I was interested in what you said, Casson, about town planning.

Casson: The only person who can put up a major building is the government. The government writes the brief, says what the building is to be, what it is to contain, and what priority it has over any other building needs. Then the city gives the government a site; and then the architects get out the sketches and there is a tremendous amount of group criticism among themselves. All members, down to the most junior, gather round and pull the thing to pieces. Then the government gives a licence to build; and you are given a site, the money, the number of men and the amount of material you are allowed. They have a very tight system of control on the site. There is a director, and he in turn has a staff director who looks after the workmen, a political director who looks after their behaviour, a materials director and a technical director: they are a sort of governing committee of that particular building. On the whole they work hard: they do an eight-hour day, six-day week, and often Sundays.

Swann: Did you see any housing projects?

Casson: I saw what one might call workers' flats, and some rural housing as well. In the workers' flats they set great store on each family having its own w.c. The rural housing I saw was fairly simple, mostly built by the villagers themselves.

Swann: I think the most extraordinary aspect of the whole of the art scene of modern China is the investigation which the Chinese are doing into their past. The discoveries they have made in these last ten years are staggering. I suppose it would not be completely fair to credit it all to the communists, because the process had started back in the nineteen-twenties, when great scholars like Lie Chi, for instance, were still working in Formosa on the material they gathered from the early archaeological expeditions at the site of the foundation of the Shang Dynasty at An Yang and the Yellow River. But so many problems have been solved by the archaeologists of the communist regime.

Perhaps the most outstanding discovery is the origin of the Shang Dynasty. Hitherto, although we had this wonderful capital of about the thirteenth century B.C. to 1,000 B.C. at An Yang, with its bronzes which are the pride of most museums in the West, we had no idea where these bronzes came from. It was only recently that they discovered the first site of the Shang Dynasty capital, about 200 miles to the south of An Yang. Before 1950 there were about twelve Shang Dynasty sites, now there are some 128, and the light thrown on the development of the early Chinese culture is remarkable.

Casson: It is true, as you say, that this was going on before the present regime, but a man from the Ministry of Culture who is in charge of this particular exercise said he had found in the old days that it was a nightmare getting a penny out of the government to do the work. Now, it was one of the highest priorities and unquestioned demands; if he has an important site, he is given all the help he needs.

Swann: In the old days, you had to put a regiment of soldiers to guard the site, because the natives of the area regarded it as perhaps a violation of the ancient spirits or a violation of their opportunity to make a bit of money by selling the

objects on the market. Now, this new-found honesty enables the archaeologist to work in absolute peace season after season.

Read: Would you say, Casson, that from a cultural point of view, one has confidence in the future of China?

Casson: I think so, perhaps because one has such confidence in her past. One feels that a nation with such deep-rooted love of the arts implanted in every single member of the community cannot have anything but an encouraging future.

—From a discussion in the Third Programme

Now

Now that you leave me for that other friend,
Rich as the rubbed sun, elegant of eye,
Who watched, in lost light, your five fortunes end
And wears the weapons of the wasted sky,

Often, I say, I saw him at your gate,
Noted well how he passed the time of day,
Gazed, with bright greed, at your young man's estate
And how, in fear, I looked the other way.

For we had met, this thief and I, before
On terrible seas, at the spoiled city's heart,
And when I saw him standing at your door
Nothing, I knew, could put you now apart.

O with sly promises he stroked the air,
Struck, on the coin of day, his gospel face.
I saw you turn, touch his hand, unaware
Of his thorned kiss or of his grave embrace.

CHARLES CAUSLEY



One of the gateways to the new National Museum, Peking

The Listener

© BRITISH BROADCASTING CORPORATION, LONDON, ENGLAND, 1961

The yearly subscription rate to THE LISTENER, U.S. and Canadian edition is \$7.50, including postage; special rate for two years \$12.50; for three years \$17.00. Subscriptions should be sent to B.B.C. Publications, 35, Marylebone High Street, London, W.1, England, or to usual agents. Entered as second-class mailing matter at the Post Office, New York, N.Y. Trade distributors within U.S.A., Eastern News Distributors, Inc., New York 14, N.Y.

Style in Building

ALL over Europe the desolations caused by bombing during the second world war at least provided an opportunity for future achievement by both the architect and the town planner. This had been realized before the war ended, and nowhere more so than in Britain. Not so well realized perhaps was the series of delays that would obstruct public projects in the years immediately after the war, because of the need to concentrate on domestic building until at least some impression had been made on the queues of people waiting for a better home to live in. But by now this phase is passing. Certain countries gave a high priority from the start to the putting up of public buildings, even at the expense of homes. And in Britain more than six years have gone by since the builder was finally freed from war restriction. In this time have our architects been making sufficient use of their opportunities to create really worthy monuments to twentieth-century taste? And have they had the backing of patrons enlightened enough to provide money for construction rather than interference with design?

Although a smoke-screen of controversy may have obscured the merits of such large schemes as St. Paul's or Piccadilly Circus, most people would agree that certain British achievements have been comparable with the finest elsewhere. One thinks of the Architect's Office of the London County Council or some of the new schools in Hertfordshire. Indeed, as Mr. Reyner Banham points out in a talk that we print today, our new schools have generally been outstandingly successful, for the novel reason—as he explains it—that the 'heart theme of the whole enterprise' has been a 'special care for the users of the buildings'. Yet, despite such successes Britain has suffered like the rest of the world from the absence of any single prevailing current of architectural thought. Instead there has been a multiplicity of styles, with the leading architects of the world apparently torn between either 'functionalism' or 'historicism', or imitating the striking—but often perverse and mannerist—originalities of Le Corbusier or the Brazilians. In our columns last week Professor Pevsner was bewailing the return to historicism; and it is certainly true that any re-use of forms borrowed from the past (however new the combinations) has seldom led to success, whether the return has been to Gothic, Georgian, or Art Nouveau.

If functionalism is preferable to historicism, the trouble here is that as a style it can be too negative and implicit to have much effect on the construction at all, and the result under a north European sky can be dull. The crying need would appear to be a natural style that is of the age and is in no way mannerist. Sometimes this can occur by accident, with architect and patron not being too self-conscious or even conscious of each other. Indeed, many people would think that it is in just this way that the best of British post-war achievement is after all to be found in domestic building, whenever that has been raised a little above a purely utilitarian level. When Mr. Ian Nairn visited some of our larger cities, he gave the impression that he had been more struck by neglected monuments of our architectural past than by the merits of the latest additions to the skyline. Yet in the new towns, in places like Harlow or Stevenage, in the Tile Hill estate outside Coventry, and in such London schemes as the Churchill Gardens in Pimlico or the Roehampton estate, there is an arrangement of houses and flats that may claim to hold its own against anything which the other cities of Europe have to offer.

What They Are Saying

The death of Lumumba

THERE WERE SOME revealing differences of emphasis and attitude in the way the communist and Afro-Asian press and radio treated Mr. Lumumba's murder. An immediate spate of Soviet broadcasts laid stress on the 'waves of wrathful protest' sweeping round the world and the 'wrath' of the Soviet delegate at the Security Council. Moscow home service said categorically that the murder was planned by Tshombe, Kasavubu, and the Belgians. It even named the Belgian officer who was alleged to have shot Lumumba. The main target however was Mr. Hammarskjöld. Moscow's broadcasts for Africa were rearranged and in some of them solemn background music was used to heighten the tributes to Lumumba and the determination of the Congolese to fight 'new battles with colonialism'.

A considerable volume of report and comment came from Eastern Europe. Much of it was anti-Belgian, but a Yugoslav commentator on Zagreb home service said that the Americans had 'kept delaying the work of the Security Council . . . and had thus made impossible the organization of positive action in the Congo'. Peking 'pointed out' that 'the U.N. force in the Congo is under the direct control of the U.S. Government'. The volume of Chinese communist material on Lumumba's death was enormous. Three days after the first announcement, Peking radio's international news bulletin devoted twelve out of its thirteen and a half minutes to this one subject. The anti-Western tone was maintained throughout.

Several independent Indian newspapers were very critical of Soviet tactics at the U.N. The *Indian Express* wrote:

Soviet Russia is doing the greatest disservice to the Congo and indeed to world peace by its vituperative attack on Hammarskjöld. Instead of attempting to make political capital out of United Nations discomfiture, Soviet Russia would be better advised to mobilize her voice and strength behind the U.N. and to resolve resolutely that freedom and peace return to the Congo.

In the Arab world the most emotional treatment of Lumumba's death came from Cairo radio, which said that Mr. Hammarskjöld was a 'brute' and a 'barbarian', and ought to be punished, not merely dismissed. However, there was a sudden change in the station's tone when it was seen that there was virtually no Afro-Asian support for the Soviet Union's extreme demands. Cairo radio explained that the United Arab Republic was not attacking the U.N. itself and one broadcast even included a few expressions of sympathy for Mr. Hammarskjöld. Tunis radio, quoting *Al-Amal* for the Arab East, praised Lumumba's struggle, but added:

Those who hasten to rail at Hammarskjöld forget—perhaps deliberately—that it was they who first induced Lumumba to act against Hammarskjöld, thus obstructing his work and giving opportunity to others to meddle in the affairs of the Congo. . . .

In a week when the Soviet Union and Communist China were protesting their undying friendship and unity, reports on the Albanian Communist Party congress reflected the sharp disagreements between them and the uneasy compromise. Mr. Enver Hoxha, the Party's Secretary, with undisguised support for the Chinese view, said the Moscow declaration 'emphasized' that 'the Marxist parties did not regard the peaceful way as the only possible form of transition to socialism'. The Albanian leader was also quoted as saying it was necessary to range 'economic, military, and moral forces' against the 'imperialists' to preserve the peace. Meanwhile Communist North Viet Nam announced the programme of the newly founded National Front for the Liberation of South Viet Nam. The first of ten aims is 'to overthrow the disguised colonial regime of the U.S. imperialists' under President Ngo Dinh Diem.

Peking home service reported that the Government had issued a directive to the police and security organizations, instructing them 'to launch a month's "Love the People" campaign during the coming spring festival season'. The maintenance of 'a closer link with the masses' was said to be 'an important rectification measure'.

—Based on information collected by the B.B.C. Monitoring Service
STANLEY MAYES

Did You Hear That?

BORROWING BOOKS

WHEN THE NEWS was announced that W. H. Smith's Circulating Library was to close down, JACK MORPURGO, who is Director and Secretary of the National Book League, spoke on the subject of circulating libraries in 'Ten O'Clock' (Home Service). 'I suggest', he said, 'that this is no occasion for mourning. Smith's have served their subscription readers well these 100 years and more, and this may be the right moment to concentrate on the service, more important, more topical, more vital for the future, of selling books to the readers that the subscription libraries have done so much to rear.'

'W. H. Smith opened their first library in the same decade which saw the passing of the first Public Libraries Act. The fact is not without significance; nor is it unimportant that throughout the remaining years of the nineteenth century, and indeed until the end of the first world war, the two methods of distributing books to the public (the one for a charge and the other, as the Americans would say, for free) developed in tandem. But as the public libraries improved—and the amount of money spent upon them—so there developed a pressure against the lending library. One could still get a book quicker from a subscription library, but one could get it from a public library—in time.'

'For all sorts of reasons—improved education in the way to use books, a merging of classes, and the enhanced liveliness of public library habits—many prejudices against public libraries have vanished. The public no longer regards the book from the library as a germ-laden menace, and it is a long time since anyone has reported a kipper used as a book-mark in a book from a public library.'

'As more and more people have learnt the pleasures of reading, however they get the books, so, happily, more and more have discovered that a book in the home is worth two from any kind of library. Not yet on the scale that I would like, but still in numbers unbelievable even fifty years ago, the British have become book buyers; and they have had the booksellers and the



A room in Folkestone's new Public Library, opened in 1960

publishers (not least the paper-back publishers) eager and competent to help them. But we cannot do without libraries, we do not have to do without them: we only want them even better than they are. I hope we shall never see the day when there are no subscription libraries. Thank Heaven that there are still people so excited by books that they must borrow a new book (even if they cannot buy it) on the very day it appears—or, if delay is inevitable, then the next day. And there are some—may their number grow—who buy books only when they have borrowed and read them first'.

SOMETHING TO DO WITH TIME?

'My most frightening supernatural experience was not meeting a ghost—it had something to do with time', said ISOBEL KNIGHT in 'Woman's Hour from Scotland' (Light Programme). 'I still do not know whether I re-lived something that had already happened, or was projected into something that has yet to take place.'

'My husband and I were returning from Glasgow to Dumfries.

There were so few passengers on the train that we had no difficulty in finding a compartment to ourselves. After a short time we went through to the dining car; then, when we had finished our meal, we started to make our way back to our seats. During the interval in which we had been having tea the train had not stopped at any stations. Now, to our amazement, we could not find our compartment, which should have been easily recognizable because of the luggage we had stacked on the rack. Even more amazing, the previously almost empty train was now filled with passengers.

'In a kind of daze we ran up and down the corridor, going into each packed compartment. Every seat was taken up; but, strangely, not one person moved a muscle or looked up when we flung open doors and anxiously examined the racks. After travelling the length of the train three times I began to panic. My husband was pale. "Look", he said, "where have all these people come from, and where is our luggage? Is there something wrong with us, or has something happened to the train? We'll walk down once again and if we still can't find our own compartment I'm going for the guard".'

'Shaking like a leaf, I followed him; and yes, the train was almost empty, just as it had been when we



Campfield Free Library, Manchester, one of the first municipal libraries in England: cotton workers are shown reading the latest news from the United States in 1862
'Illustrated London News'

got in. Only a few passengers sat dozing over their newspapers. There, with the luggage safely on the rack, was our own compartment, just as it had been when we left to go to the dining-car. "What happened?" I asked. My husband shook his head: "Don't ask me". I saw his hands were trembling. "It's been fantastic—and horrible". Afterwards I tried to check with the railway to see if there had been any accidents on that line but I could not find out anything. I have no explanation to offer. Perhaps the reason may be that I have Highland blood in my veins. People have told me I have "a gift". Maybe I have, but I would rather be without it'.

DECORATED DOORHEADS

'In *Wuthering Heights*', said ALAN WALBANK in 'The Northcountryman' (North of England Home Service), 'the new tenant paused on the threshold "to admire a quantity of grotesque carving lavished over the front and especially about the principal door; above which, among a wilderness of crumbling griffins and shameless little boys, was the date 1500 and the name Hareton Earnshaw". From Haworth and Hawksworth to Hawes and Horton-in-Ribblesdale there are hundreds of such distinctive doorheads. Where the local stone was easy to work one finds the most ornate-moulded arches, swags of foliage, scrollwork, and fluted shell designs: in the Craven area square, single stones richly carved and bearing a date and initials. These, by the way, may be the original owner's and his wife's, or those of a later lessee who rebuilt the doorway; so the date does not always tell the age of the house. Many dates are middle or late seventeenth century. The reason for this is that a revival of building took place after the end of the Civil War, when good houses replaced old, tumbledown dwellings. Then again, the Great Plague and Fire of London drove many citizens to seek a country retreat. They bought up cottages in the dales and reconditioned them, putting up their own date stone.

'There is a real fascination in tracking down good doorheads on old farms, inns, or even barns. A special interest lies in the mottoes occasionally added. Doorheads in Wensleydale, for instance, bear witness to the rise of Quakerism. After George Fox visited the dale in 1652 Friends began to blazon their faith with inscriptions, such as "*Deus nobiscum quis contra*". Over the door of another house, for which all the stone was quarried and carted and the masonry completed by the owner, one can read: "Michael Smith, Mechanick, but he that built all things is God".'

PUPPETS BEHIND THE IRON CURTAIN

'The International Festival of Puppets and Marionettes in Rumania', said A. L. JUDD (who accompanied the Barry Smith Theatre of Puppets) in a talk in the Home Service, 'was a truly international gathering, with a strong bias on the side of the iron-curtain countries—not surprisingly, since Bucharest is a long way from Western Europe and a good deal nearer to the satellites. Also, puppetry is vastly popular in those countries.

'The difference between the companies of the East and the others was marked. The non-iron-curtain contestants—whether good, bad, or indifferent—were all individual or small groups of puppeteers, mostly making their own puppets and operating them, the largest unit being a group of four. On the other hand, all the communist countries had sent whole companies—about 100

Russians, about fifty Chinese, over twenty Bulgarians, and so on. These large companies were necessary because of the new style of puppet-theatre production the Eastern countries have developed in recent years, a new and sophisticated art form. At the curtain call, ten or twelve puppeteers would come forward, and behind

them were all the designers, painters, writers, stage managers, and technicians. The stages were some fifteen to twenty feet wide, and the full stage was generally used, so that the effect was of a full theatrical production. They make use of every device of the modern theatre: elaborate lighting, complicated scenery, revolving stages; and the latest craze seems to be the use of human actors with the puppets.

'The world of puppets, which has always been an alliance of the artist and the craftsman, seems now, in Eastern Europe, to have thrown the craftsman overboard. There was not one craftsman performing from any of the Eastern countries, with the exception of a remarkable Hungarian, called Kiss, who did his act alone.

'The puppet theatres in the Eastern countries are a nationalized industry. In Rumania, for example, there are nineteen permanent puppet theatres, and the attendance figure for last year was just under 1,000,000, about one-tenth of the total attendance for all the theatres in the country, including opera and musicals. There is a long tradition of fairground and itinerant puppetry in Eastern Europe, so that the new movement has not sprung out of nothing, but this sudden forced blossoming of what really amounts to a new entertainment art is odd and remarkable. Doubtless, it is encouraged partly for educational

purposes. It is a commonplace to speak of the educational function of all the arts in the communist countries—that is to say, their usefulness in guiding people into the "correct" way of thinking.

'We were made aware of this educational slant on our arrival: in our programme was a dramatic presentation of Thomas Hood's "Song of the Shirt" and also a selection from the Chester Miracle Plays, showing Abraham's sacrifice of his son Isaac. The "Song of the Shirt" was welcomed on account of its "social significance", but we were strongly discouraged from performing the Abraham and Isaac story at first, as it was thought to be religious propaganda. After we had explained that the play was a piece of English literature, and that, anyhow, the story was unlikely to influence anybody in the direction of Christianity, the objections were withdrawn.

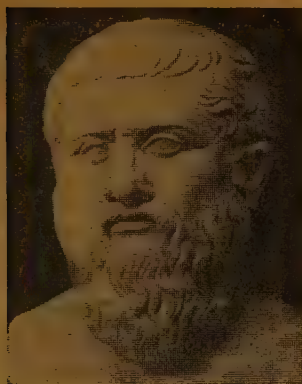
'A solo puppeteer or a marionette operator needs years of practice and great skill, but this new style of production makes little demand on the technique of the operators; and it is cheaper and quicker to build a puppet theatre than a full-sized live theatre'.



A north-country doorhead: the decorated portico of Cosins Hall, Durham



Mr. Kiss, a Hungarian puppeteer, performing *Romeo and Juliet* with his two gloved hands, a veil, and a rose



Bust of Plato: in the Vatican Museum, Rome

Greek Science

By G. S. KIRK

FOR hundreds of years the Greeks did not clearly distinguish science from philosophy, and in this lay both their strength and their weakness as scientists. They simply set out to explain the world in all its aspects, no less. Most of the thinkers from the sixth century

B.C. down to Socrates seem to have conceived that they could account for everything: how the world started, what it is made of, what is man's place in it. These early *physikoi*, physicists or students of the nature of things, possessed the vast aims and uninhibited imagination that have marked many of the great artists and thinkers of history. Yet, although they have given their name to an important branch of modern science—physics, the study of the nature and behaviour of matter—they were hardly scientists in our sense. They lacked the methodical attention to detail and the constant relation of theory to the observed facts that made possible the spectacular development of science from the Renaissance onwards.

Preference for the Larger Problems

All through the history of Greek science we can observe both the strength and the weakness: their intense interest in the world in all its larger aspects and their reluctance to focus on limited fields of vision; their magisterial attack on the greatest problems of being, and their pitifully inadequate supply-lines of detailed, accurate and relevant observations. It is often said that the early Greek thinkers did not bother about observation. That is an exaggeration. Of course they bothered, up to a point: what they were trying to explain was precisely the world of human observation and experience. They were even capable of exact procedures. Thales, for example, was known for his practical ingenuity, and devised a method for measuring the distance of ships at sea; Anaximander recorded equinoxes and constructed some kind of map of the heavens; Empedocles used the wine-lifting pipette to prove the concrete existence of air. But their speculative flights went far beyond the control of their casual and unsystematic observations. One reason is that these thinkers were not simply trying to explain the world as it is, but rather the world as man needs it to be—unified, comprehensible, and ultimately sympathetic. This tendency to interpret the world in terms of human needs, to impose a social pattern on Nature, can never be entirely eradicated from human thinking; but it was stronger for the Greeks than for the new scientists of the Renaissance or their modern successors. Admittedly there are certain kinds of regularity in our world, and it is with these that science must be largely concerned. Yet the earlier pre-Socratic thinkers sought not so much to observe and classify these regularities as to invent some all-explaining and universal principle of existence. Even the Atomists, Leucippus and Democritus, whose theory of matter looks at first sight like our own, were glib and superficial when it came to explaining the detailed consequences of atomic shapes and movements. The followers of Pythagoras, to take another example, used his discovery of the mathematical structure of the musical scale as the basis of an elaborate semi-mystical theory of a universe somehow entirely made out of numbers.

In spite of these handicaps, the achievement of the pre-Socratic physicists is startling enough. Matter itself they came to regard either as continuous and capable of being infinitely divided, or as discontinuous and made up of individual atoms. Pythagoras and Heraclitus had turned their attention from the simple *identification* of matter to its structure and behaviour;

Heraclitus at least seems to have supposed, reasonably enough, that the coherence of the natural world depended more on how matter behaved than on what it was made of. This was really quite a promising position; yet by the last quarter of the fifth century, physics, instead of advancing further, was going into a decline. The most serious blow was dealt by Parmenides of Elea, who about 460 B.C. claimed to have proved by logic that essential change in matter is impossible. 'There is no such thing as not-being', Parmenides and the Eleatics argued in effect, 'so coming-into-being, or becoming, is impossible. Change involves becoming, so the phenomena of change and motion studied by the physicists can have no real existence'.

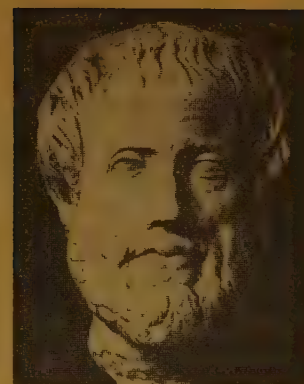
The deceptive simplicity of Parmenides's argument held his contemporary and successors spellbound. Physicists like Empedocles and Anaxagoras did not challenge its logic, but they tried instead to meet it by devising systems in which *essential* change was avoided. These systems grew ever more complex, contradictory and improbable; and as a result, interest in the whole subject gradually declined. Socrates and his younger contemporaries turned to the study of human and social problems, which in an age threatened with decadence seemed to them of greater immediate urgency.

In the next generation Plato did little to revitalize science. The Academy which he founded at Athens was strong in mathematics, and subjects like the classification of plants were discussed there—though as exercises in logic rather than for their own sake. At the same time Plato further developed the Eleatic approach to Nature, declaring that true reality must be a set of unchanging, immaterial and imperceptible 'Forms', and that the physical world has no more than a kind of half-existence by virtue of its relationship with these Forms—a relationship which was unfortunately indefinable. Plato exhibits in a supreme degree the tendency to philosophical superiority, not to say snobbishness, and the aristocratic rejection of the apparently second-best, which had already shown itself in the pre-Socratic period. There is a famous passage in the *Phaedo* where Socrates discusses the reason for his sitting in prison and not trying to escape: it is not, he says, because his sinews and joints are so arranged that he is in the sitting position—the real reason for his remaining there is that he thinks it best not to run away. The mechanical conditions are subsidiary to the mental purpose.

Technology Unimportant

This kind of motivation Plato applied to the universe as a whole. The truth is that when the Greeks needed a model for regularity in Nature they found it in the planned intellectual activity of man, particularly of the artist or craftsman deliberately shaping his material to a preconceived end. They did not find it, as men have since the Renaissance, in the soulless regularity of the machine; they did not have many machines and they did not like the idea of machines as such. The mechanical elements in causation, like Socrates's sinews, were held to be subsidiary and unimportant, and, for Plato at least, to be beneath the detailed attention of the true thinker. This is partly an effect of living in a slave-owning society; for if slaves do most of the work, it is a short step to believing that the exact processes of production are uninteresting; and even those who did not own slaves seem to have regarded technology as unnecessary and unimportant.

Thus by Plato's time the dislike of mechanics, the apparent inconsistency and over-complexity of fifth-century physical theories, and the tendency to explain the world's regularity as



Aristotle: in the Art-History Museum, Vienna

due to some higher mind-like cause, had all coalesced to divorce science from philosophy. Plato calls his dialogue *Timaeus* no more than a 'reasonable story', but even so it is remarkable to see such an intelligent man arguing that the human head is more or less spherical because it is the most important part of the body and the sphere is the most perfect shape. Fortunately Aristotle, who was a member of Plato's Academy for twenty years and owed a great deal to his teacher, reacted strongly against the other-worldly tendencies of Platonism, against those remote Forms, and reinstated the particular objects of our world as the true basis of reality. But even Aristotle took off from here in a sort of inflationary spiral. He observed and noted the orderliness of the natural world, the relationship of individual to species and species to genus, the regularity with which a man begets a man and not an acorn or a fish, and the apparent purposiveness of most of the organs of animals and plants. But these observations convinced him that the motive and directional force of Nature is some kind of unconscious urge towards a complete and perfect reality. The only way in which this reality, the prime mover of the universe, could cause mechanical motion without itself being moved, and therefore infringing its own perfection, is by being loved. So Aristotle decided in one part of his writings, in a very theoretical and Platonic mood—a pre-Socratic mood, almost. Yet at least Aristotle the philosopher worked partly on the basis of materials provided by Aristotle the scientist. This was a man who rejected the common Greek idea of what was intellectually respectable, and devoted a great part of his life to minute observation of the world of nature.

Scientific Method in Medicine

Apart from being a great observational scientist, Aristotle was a tireless teacher and organizer. He founded his own school, the Lyceum, in Athens, and proceeded to organize something entirely new, a joint effort for an encyclopedia of all branches of learning: not only physics, metaphysics, astronomy, mathematics, and biology, but also theology, medicine, history, literature, politics, and ethics. So one could perhaps say that the scientific spirit declined in the first half of the fourth century B.C. and established itself on a new basis in the second half. An exception would be medicine, in which some sort of scientific method had been fairly widely practised from the fifth century onwards. The school of medicine founded by Hippocrates in the island of Cos spread its influence all over Greece.

Aristotle died in 322 B.C., a year after his former pupil Alexander the Great. This was a time when the Greek world, after the Macedonian conquest, was still in travail, and when the independent city-states were in decline. Literature, architecture and art all take a turn for the worse; philosophy is preoccupied with making the individual feel at home in an insecure world; but science breaks out and begins one of its greatest periods. This happened to some extent in Athens, but much more brilliantly in Alexandria. In this fine new Hellenic city at the mouth of the Nile, Alexander's Macedonian general Ptolemy I founded not only a great library but also a great research institute called the Museum, both of which were expanded by his son Ptolemy Philadelphus. The interest in Alexandria was primarily in literature and science, not in philosophy in the old sense. Alexander's eastern campaigns had made available much new knowledge about plants, animals, peoples and places. His massive sieges had produced a new technology of siegecraft and mechanics. The foremost settlers of Alexandria were Macedonian veterans, and for an ambitious and wealthy new city, set in a land of great technical achievements in building and irrigation, science was the thing both for prestige and for practical advantage.

This was the main setting for the resurgence of Greek science. Mathematics, the most theoretical of scientific studies, had already reached a high level in fourth-century Athens. In Alexandria Euclid produced his famous geometrical compendium in about 300 B.C., and shortly afterwards came the more original work of Apollonius of Perga, notably on conic sections, and the great geometrical achievements of Archimedes of Syracuse—for example his calculation of the value of π . Astronomy, too, had been less hindered than other branches of science by the lack of experimental method and by the prevailing eyebrow-lifting about anything smacking of manual work. The study of the heavens had

been encouraged by religion and philosophy as well as by sheer curiosity and the practical requirements of sailors and calendar-makers; one can go a long way without cameras and telescopes, and Nature herself obliged by setting up control conditions—eclipses and so on—at regular intervals.

Correct View of the Universe

Aristotle's pupil Heraclides had argued from his remote colonial home on the Black Sea that the earth rotates on its axis and that some at least of the planets revolve round the sun. In Alexandria, Aristarchus developed this idea into a truly Copernican theory. Yet this correct view of the universe was soon abandoned, for two reasons: first because it ran up against the powerful picture of an earth-centred universe built up by Aristotle; and secondly because not all observed phenomena could be easily explained on the theory that the sun is at the centre and the planets revolve around it. 'Saving the phenomena'—or accounting for observed facts—was a professed Hellenistic ideal, and a scientific one, if strictly applied; but the truth is that the generalizing qualities of most Greek thinkers, and their unsystematic attitude to details and the immediate inferences that may be drawn from them, turned this ideal into one of saving *most* of the phenomena, or saving the most obvious ones and the devil take the rest.

So Plato's successor Eudoxus, and then Aristotle, had argued that the motions of the heavenly bodies could be explained on the assumption of a system of concentric spheres; the geometry of this was ingenious even though it did not really explain all the planetary movements. When Aristarchus's account of the universe revealed difficulties, the great Hipparchus reverted to the earlier Aristotelian system; he had the new idea of epicycles, or that each planet revolved on a little circle of its own, which itself revolved about the earth. Even as a purely geometrical solution this was still imperfect; but the world had to wait nearly 2,000 years for Copernicus to re-establish a solar system and Kepler to conceive that the paths of the heavenly bodies were elliptical not circular. This is the true theory to save the phenomena; Hipparchus could not think of it, not because he did not know the geometry of ellipses, but because the circular revolution of the heavenly bodies seemed to be guaranteed by the idea that the stars are somehow divine and perfect and that the circle is the perfect figure.

It is not easy to draw up a balance sheet of the strengths and weaknesses of Alexandrian science. At some points they improved on Aristotle: by the time of Heron, who lived most probably in the first century B.C., experimentation and scientific method were firmly established.

Medicine was further developed by Hellenistic scientists. They practised dissection extensively, not on men but at least on monkeys, and acquired a good knowledge of bones, joints, and muscles; though their conclusions about the internal organs were still bedevilled by theoretical beliefs about vital heat and the four humours. There was an empirical and a dogmatic school, but the division applied to questions of medical treatment rather than to assumptions about the human constitution. Even so critical, learned and practical a man as Galen, in the second century A.D., accepted the old dogmas. He lived in an age of codification and was one of its chief exponents; so was the astronomer and geographer Ptolemy, who wrote a vast survey of current knowledge and reached some good new results, about mathematical geography and the distance of the sun and moon for example, by aligning information collected from different sources.

Economic and Cultural Decline

Yet these men, though they progressed in system, had lost the old imagination, just as Heron, in spite of his experiments in mechanics and pneumatics and his ingenious toys and religious gadgets, seems to have lacked the power of creative induction. The third century A.D. saw a grave economic and cultural decline in Egypt and the Roman empire at large. Alexandria and many other outlying towns of the Greco-Roman world, from which so many of the great scientists of the first three centuries before Christ had come, sank into mediocrity, and the urge and

(concluded on page 359)



The Istituto Marchiondi at Baggio, Milan, a psychiatric school for disturbed boys and youths: right, the classroom block; left, the dormitory block. The architect, Vittoriano Vigano, has broken up the barrack-like regularity of the older buildings to provide a more humane setting for the Institute's psychiatric work

Foto Porta, Milan

History of the Immediate Future

REYNER BANHAM on architecture and the human sciences

This talk, broadcast in the Third Programme, is part of an address given recently to the Royal Institute of British Architects

IN architecture, as in anything else, history is our only guide to the future. As on a graph, we plot the observed results, we seek a curve that connects them convincingly, and then we extrapolate, extending the curve beyond the last certain point to see where it leads. We can be wrong; even in physics the curve may develop sudden tendencies to go up or down in a surprising manner; but history can play dirtier tricks than this, because it is about men—wilful men, silly men, inspired men, men who are collectively much more—or less—than the sum of their parts.

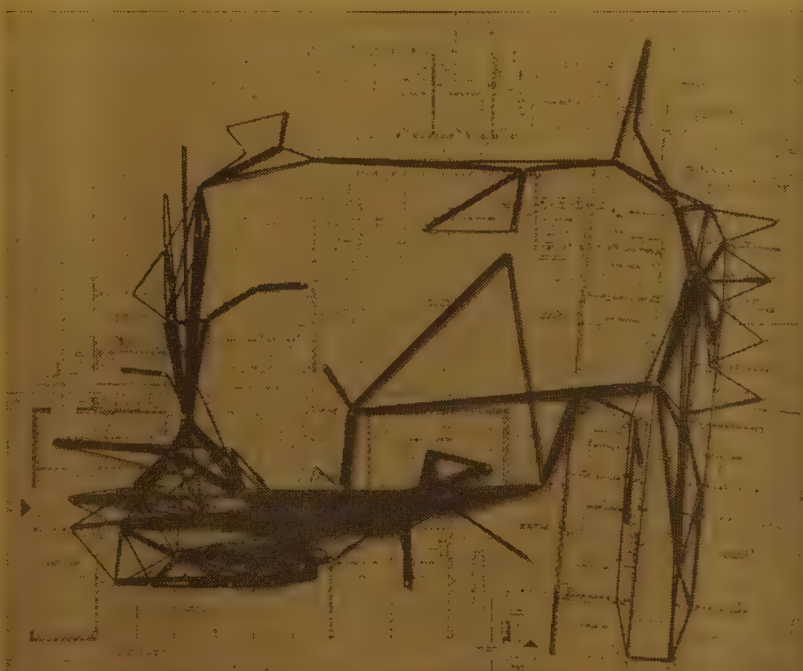
At the point when a sufficient quantity of men are about to fuse themselves into a new movement or school, one arbitrary act or lack of vision can spoil the whole thing. Astute historical extrapolators in 1900 were so certain that the arts of design in Britain were about to take a spectacular upward swing that the Germans had a man here—like a Russian tourist at Cape Canaveral—to see it happen. No one in his right mind could have suspected that men so clearly set on the road of progress as Lethaby or Voysey could so disastrously fail to realize what was going on that the whole movement was in ruins by 1905 or a little after. The long maturing of the movement from Pugin and Henry Cole down to

Baillie Scott and Mackintosh—all that vanished in a puff of Edwardian affluence and Britain disappeared from the Modern Movement for thirty-odd years. I say this less to cover myself against the occupational risks of prophecy than to remind you of the limitations of the method I intend to use: my view of the immediate future is based on extrapolation, not tea leaves or palmistry.

The kind of evidence I intend to use can be identified, in the first instance, negatively, by repeating the basic proposition of Professor Wind's Reith Lectures last year. It may have been tactically untimely to draw attention to it, but he was surely

right to say that art is no longer central to our existence, has been pushed out to the margins by science and technology. So, too, architecture is no longer central to the business of building, but has become a marginal, almost a luxury, activity. At the same time, the art of architecture as such, architectural theory, is now vacuous, no longer a proper mental discipline in its own right.

Attempts to design by the light of a purely architectural theory have resulted in most of the most vacuous architecture of the present century. In the Frenchified epoch that followed the collapse of pioneer modern architecture in England, we had the empty expertise of the Central Hall, Westminster, or the Ritz Hotel, and there was the equally empty expertise of Geoffrey Scott's book, *The Architecture of*



The movements of a ward sister during her day's work, superimposed on a plan of the hospital. This analysis, in a recent study by the Department of Health for Scotland, is an example of human science at its most basic, providing the necessary information for better architectural design in hospitals

Humanism, which prided itself on the architectural purity of its basic premisses. We have seen a similar phase of architecture about architecture in Italy since the war—expertise dazzling enough to fool all the architects in the world for at least some of the time, but already collapsing into tired sentimentality. And I am pretty sure we are witnessing a similar development in at least some of the United States' architecture at present.

Against the vacuity of architects' architecture, one may set the positive evidence of architecture gaining strength from its non-architectural content. In contrast to the Italian architecture that has gone soft in the last few years, there are at least two buildings that made a formidable impression on last year's visitors to the Triennale in Milan—the Pirelli tower and the Istituto Marchiondi at Baggio. Both have been casually damned as Formalist—usually on the strength of photographs only—and both do, indeed, have a touch of formal bloody-mindedness about their design; but in neither case is it obtrusive when you confront the actual building. In both there were overriding non-architectural considerations that made pure formalism impossible. Pirelli is a big pitch in an advertising campaign, quite as much as it is architecture. You may disapprove of this, or disapprove of Gio Ponti, its architect, for being 'commercial', but the plainly visual fact remains that the Pirelli building is good architecture in almost exactly the ratio that it is good advertising.

The Istituto Marchiondi is a different matter; one of the few recent buildings in Italy where the architect—in this case Vittoriano Vigano—has been able to work directly for society, not for a gaggle of politicians masquerading as the will of the people. The Istituto is a psychiatric school for disturbed boys and youths; its transfer to new buildings on the edge of the country was also the occasion for a complete overhaul of the psychiatric programme. A tough job, and a tough building, but the architect, for once, was able to contribute to the basic building programme, suggest improvements in the lives of its inhabitants, even before design began, a situation now almost unknown in Italy. The result has clearly upset a lot of architecture people. Thomas B. Creighton, of *Progressive Architecture*, seems to have been horrified; Professor Pevsner seems to think it is *de Stijl* revival; J. M. Richards, common sense personified, thought it one of the best buildings he saw round about Milan. Its non-architectural content has made architecture of it, and of all the stylistic criticisms, Bruno Zevi's was nearest, when he called it New Brutalist.

The New Brutalism

Let me brood for a moment on where we have got to with Brutalism, because that, again, is of the class of evidence from which I intend to extrapolate. I remember, some years ago, a leading structural engineer saying of the controversies then raging about Brutalism: 'It's all Greek to me; I thought Brutalism was just a matter of judging every case on its merits'. I am afraid this represents the low opinion that engineers have of architects; that you have to have a revolutionary movement, an '-ism', in order to get architects to do the least that can be expected of them, judge cases on their merits. If that was all there was to it, Brutalism would just be another vacuous department of pure architectural theory, architecture about architecture.

In order to judge cases at all, you have to have standards, something to judge with. If Brutalists have reached different and more radical judgments than other architects, it is because their standards are different and more radical, and those standards come from outside architecture. The point which I want to make here is that among the fistful of varying and often contradictory standards that the Brutalists and their peers and equals have brought to bear, some are aesthetic—in the designs of Peter and Alison Smithson, for example, Jackson Pollock's paintings have admittedly influenced their a-formal planning, the *art brut* of Paolozzi or Dubuffet has influenced their attitude to building materials. But some of these aesthetic influences are derived from the recent history of architecture, and in this the Istituto Marchiondi is very Brutalist-like, the admitted recent-historical source being the work of Terragni.

I have no intention of defending this neo-historicist tendency, whether in Italy or Britain, but there is something more to be said about it. Its greatest influence—in Britain—was in the early

nineteen-fifties: not because the other competing influences were weak, but because history itself was so strong. A generation had been nourished on the books of Pevsner and Giedion; now came the tremendous professionalism of Rudolf Wittkower, and the possibility of do-it-yourself architectural history, safaris through the uncharted suburbs of Paris and Amsterdam looking for early houses by the Masters of Modern Architecture. History was really crackling and popping, the most active of the mental disciplines immediately adjacent to architecture, much more active and forceful than the teaching of design or structure at that time.

Architect and Engineer

The curve I am plotting through my observations assumes that the lead in architecture follows the most powerful discipline adjacent to architecture, or that can be wrapped up in the process of design. History filled the gap in the early nineteen-fifties, then imitating Le Corbusier took over for some, others turned to Detroit styling and appliance affluence, others have gone to science fiction or its neo-historicist shadow, the Futurist revival. Engineering has always been a potent source of vacuum-fillers, but the comfort to be derived from it has lessened, because the kind of engineer that architects can understand is usually already involved in their problems, shares their limitations and neuroses. The kind of engineer who could really stimulate them, the man from far outside their professional preoccupations, is either not understood or not consulted.

The outstanding British examples of architecture benefiting from powerful non-architectural influences close at hand are so familiar that I need hardly instance them: the Nuffield Trust hospital design programme, and the schools programme, by whomsoever carried out. There has been a great deal of marginal haggling on both subjects—the various kinds of schools all have their supporters, Early Hertfordshire, Nottingham, Ministry of Education, and so forth—but all this is irrelevant to what binds them together into an architectural movement that the world must respect. The heart theme of the whole enterprise is a special care for the users of the buildings. This care may be expressed in a number of different ways, but the basis of it is not 'This is what I want as a creative artist' nor 'This is what the by-laws require'.

In every case the architects have involved themselves imaginatively in the life and attitudes of the occupiers. Their research may not always have been adequate, their conclusions may have been inaccurate, or applied with insufficient imaginative depth, but they have still set out to put themselves in a special kind of relationship to their ultimate clients. And public opinion demands this—for school-children and hospital patients certain positive and objective responses are expected of the architect. I believe that it is psychologically impossible to design a really bad school in Britain today, because public opinion—including the opinion of the architect himself—expects to see concrete evidence that everything possible has been done to produce a satisfactory, life-enhancing environment in hospital or school.

Taking the Human Sciences Seriously

The vacuum of architectural theory has been forcibly filled here because of pressure from outside. But it has been filled by something that architects have no difficulty in accepting and digesting: information on how to design buildings, produced by something of which we were barely aware ten years ago, the human sciences. Here we touch a point where the graph has already gone crazy: even three years ago one had to talk hard to make architects take the human sciences seriously; now it is almost impossible to imagine architecture without them. They have arrived—though they have been accepted in a disorderly manner. There is, for example, a tendency among articulate students to overrate one of the human sciences, perception studies, and set it up as a substitute for aesthetics. But this is simply out of the polytechnic frying-pan into the neo-academic fire, because perception studies only make sense as part of a whole complex of environmental studies. Some of these studies are social. Mervin Perrino, the perceptionist at the school at Ulm, said to me: 'I want to know how a woman sees an object she believes is going to grow up into the President of the United States'. But perception studies are also concerned with how the human being works

inside, with stimulus and involuntary response, with patterns of neural and cerebral activity: how else do you suppose it was discovered that there is a correct speed for car direction indicators to wink at? Perception studies are part of a body of studies that extends from the world environment of man to his chromosomes, and if you don't buy the whole package you stand a fair chance of getting diddled over what you do buy.

But there is something else here. Taking a longer perspective than the last decade or so, one can see a general pattern in the developing relationship between architecture and human studies, proceeding from the most broad and abstract towards the most personal and particular. A sense of sociology is one of the oldest attributes of the modern architect. More recently he has come to use detailed sociological studies of smaller and smaller groups—town, neighbourhood, street, school, the class within the school, the family. With perception studies we are down to the skin of the individual, as we are with studies of comfort levels and acoustics within rooms. The next move for architecture is to follow the human sciences inside the human being.

Most Powerful Discipline

But there is a more compelling reason than the logical pursuit of this process. The reason why the various human sciences are becoming so persuasive is that Human Science is not only the strongest discipline adjacent to architecture, it is also becoming the most powerful discipline there is. What I will cautiously call the New Biology, because no one seems to have thought of a name that suits it better, appears to be moving into a phase that it is tempting to compare with the Rutherford epoch in physics—sensational developments just round the corner, plenty of scope for speculative thinking to produce valuable results, but still in a condition where the most shattering conclusions are capable of more or less common-language explanations. The kind of thing I have in mind is the work on the immunological reaction that earned Professor Medawar and Sir Macfarlane Burnet their Nobel Prize last year. This is work on a specific type of relationship between organism and environment, that involves the ability to think about the inside and the outside of the animal. As anyone will know who heard Sir Macfarlane on the Third Programme a few months ago, their radical conclusions can be explained in common or sheepfold language; and Professor Medawar's Reith Lectures two years ago showed how broad is the range of human science on which their arguments are apt to be based. In attracting men like these, or J. Z. Young, and less publicized scientists like N. W. Pirie whose work on chromosome chemistry may make him, so to speak, the Einstein of a biological break-through as big as nuclear fission—in attracting men like these, biology threatens to become the major intellectual adventure of the present time, at least in Britain, and in taking the whole package of Human Science, architects could put their art or science, whichever it is, into a sharp climb, give the graph an upward trend.

Unfortunately, I can see two reasons why this might not happen. One is the possibility of aesthetic failure: the human sciences will not become architecture unless formal or visual means can be found to express them as surely as the international style expressed the mechanistic aspirations of the masters of the nineteen-twenties. Even though the motive power will come from outside architecture, the formal convictions will have to come from inside.

The other reason lies with the men involved. What killed the English architecture, which promised so much at the beginning of the century, was—among other things—the sincere, responsible and deeply felt attitude of its masters, which was also boring, smug, and lacking interest in the outside world. No wonder the generation that followed revolted against them and built the Ritz and the Central Hall. No wonder, also, that the generation of students who qualified just after 1950 also revolted against their masters, who assumed that the virtues of Functionalism were so obvious that it was hardly necessary to teach them. The upswing of architecture based on the human sciences depends, very vulnerably, on those who are entrusted with presenting the human sciences to architects.

But here, at least, I also feel grounds for optimism. The dynamic of biology looks like being so immense in the foreseeable

future that if any school or organization should relapse into a state of know-it-all self-satisfaction, it will simply get pushed aside by the pressure of information and speculation. And there is one other reason for confidence in the outcome—the trend towards the human sciences puts modern architecture back on what may be its true path. In 1929, Moholy-Nagy, summing up development to that time, the end of the first great productive phase of the modern movement, spoke of 'the biological as the guide in everything', and he produced the slogan 'Man, not the product, is the end in view'. If architects could hold fast to that precept for a decade or so, and not be side-tracked by purely professional or purely technical preoccupations, nor be corrupted by some rush of fly-by-night affluence, the history of their immediate future could make exciting reading.

The full text of this lecture will be published in a future number of the R.I.B.A. Journal

For a Journey

House Field, Oak Field, Top Field, Third Field:

Though maps conclude their duties, the names trek on
Unseen across every county. Farmers call hillocks
And ponds and streams and lanes and rocks
By the first words to hand; a heavy, whittled-down
Simplicity meets the need, enough to help say
Where has yielded best, or the way they walked from home.

You can travel safely over land so named—
Where there is nowhere that could not somewhere
Be found in a memory which knows, and loves.
So watch, then, all the more carefully, for
The point where the pattern ends: where mountains, even,
And swamps and forests and gaping bays acquire
The air of not needing ever to be spoken of.

Who knows what could become of you where
No one has understood the place with names?

ALAN BROWNJOHN
—Third Programme

To a Child at the Piano

Play the tune again; but this time
with more regard for the movement at the source of it,
and less attention to time. Time falls
curiously in the course of it.

Play the tune again; not watching
your fingering, but forgetting, letting flow
the sound till it surrounds you. Do not count
or even think. Let go.

Play the tune again; but try to be
nobody, nothing, as though the pace
of the sound were your heart beating, as though
the music were your face.

Play the tune again. It should be easier
to think less every time of the notes, of the measure.
It is all an arrangement of silence. Be silent, and then
play it for your pleasure.

Play the tune again; and this time, when it ends,
do not ask me what I think. Feel what is happening
strangely in the room as the sound glooms over
you, me, everything.

Now,
play the tune again.

ALASTAIR REID
—Third Programme



tail from
'inter Landscape'
Hendrick Avercamp
The National Galleries of Scotland)

At your leisure...

There is the old saying that 'all work and no play
makes Jack a dull boy'. The same goes for Jill, no doubt.

For men and women need leisure time,
to prevent their lives becoming
too much a repetition of nothing very much.

Of all the benefits that come to us
from technical improvements in industry,
perhaps the best of all is simply this—
that they lead to more free-time for everyone,
Jill included.

Oil makes its own contributions to this increasing leisure
in very many ways; some big, some little.

Big, when it cuts short a manufacturing process.

Big, when it provides the base for new labour-saving materials.

Little, when it lets you out of scrubbing the floor
or ironing your husband's shirts.

It is in such ways, and a hundred others,
that oil—and Esso—are helping you to more leisure.



B.B.C. NEWS HEADLINES

February 15-21

Wednesday, February 15

Eighteen U.N. guards are injured in fight with demonstrators in public gallery as Security Council discusses death of Mr. Lumumba

Committee appointed to review Labour Party's policy on defence and foreign policy drafts new statement of principles

Seventy-three people, including a team of American skaters, are killed in an air crash near Brussels

Thursday, February 16

The Home Secretary tells Commons, in reply to questions about crime, that he is not convinced that any change is needed at present in the law on murder

The Navy Estimates include provision for more destroyers carrying guided missiles and for a new type of assault ship

Mr. Robert Graves is elected Professor of Poetry at Oxford in succession to Mr. W. H. Auden

Friday, February 17

The *Daily Mirror* increases its bid for Odhams Press by £5,000,000

The London constitutional conference on Northern Rhodesia ends without agreement

Over 20,000 workers at Ford's and Standard-Triumph's car factories are to return to working a five-day week

Saturday, February 18

The Prime Minister has talks with senior ministers about Northern Rhodesia

President Nkrumah of Ghana tells Mr. Hammarskjöld that he would like to come to New York to discuss his own plan for the Congo

Sunday, February 19

Twenty-nine people are arrested outside the Belgian Embassy in London during demonstrations about the death of Mr. Lumumba

Temperature rises to the sixties in many parts of Britain

Albert Whelan, famous music-hall entertainer, dies at the age of eighty-five

Monday, February 20

Mr. Hammarskjöld tells Security Council that six supporters of the late Mr. Lumumba have been executed in South Kasai. The Security Council votes in favour of U.N. troops in Congo using force if necessary to prevent civil war

The Minister of Labour is to lead an inquiry into problem of industrial relations in the motor industry

Tuesday, February 21

The Colonial Secretary presents the Government's plan for Northern Rhodesia to the Commons

President Tshombe of Katanga orders general mobilization of both black and white people; he also takes steps to prevent foreign experts from leaving Katanga

Three astronauts are chosen in the United States to prepare for space travel



Violent demonstrations took place outside the Belgian Embassy in London during the funeral of Mr. Lumumba. Egyptian rioters had set fire to the building.



The Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh talking to the Venerable Jinaratana Thera, head of the Maha Bodhi Buddhist Society, during a reception held at Calcutta racecourse on February 18 on their return to India from a tour of Pakistan

Right: Bertrand Russell leading a demonstration by sitting down outside the Ministry of Defence in Whitehall on February 18 to protest against the basing of Polaris missiles in Scotland





er of countries last week following news of the death
ke pouring from the Belgian Embassy in Cairo after
g. Above: police holding back demonstrators outside the
ight: agitators outside the Belgian Embassy in Moscow



Mr. K. Kaunda (left), leader of the Northern Rhodesian United National Independence Party, and Mr. H. Nkumbula, leader of the African National Congress, arriving at Admiralty House last Sunday to talk to the Prime Minister after the conference on Northern Rhodesia had ended on February 17 without agreement. No further progress was made



Ewes and lambs on Mr. W. Garne's farm at Aldsworth, Gloucestershire: they are of an old breed of Cotswold sheep and are said to belong to the only remaining flock of its kind

Current Attenuations of Faith

By H. D. LEWIS

This is the first of three talks on 'Religion and Mystery' based on Professor Lewis's Wilde Lectures, delivered at Oxford in 1960

IN RELIGION we do not have to do mainly with ordinary facts of the world around us; in some way we go beyond these; and in many, if not all, religions we seem to go altogether beyond the world as we normally find it. God, we learn, is eternal (and this usually means not in time at all). He is 'wholly other', 'beyond', 'uncreated', 'His ways are not our ways', through Him we may also have 'life hereafter', or we may attain this in some way ourselves; in miracles, changes are wrought which seem to defy the laws of nature; strange assertions are made, God is three persons in one, a man is alleged to be also God, and sometimes all life is said to be unreal and each of us part of a Supreme Self. We adopt curious postures and perform strange rites, we kneel and with clasped hands and shut eyes address a Being whom no one ever sees, and yet we say that we meet in His house and that He is near to us, that His word is 'in thy mouth and in thy heart', as the Bible says. The Kingdom of Heaven is within us.

Age-old Problems

But what does this mean? Does it make sense? If not, if it is altogether beyond our understanding, if eternity is not time in any form, can we take any account of it, can we have more than at best a pious agnosticism? These are problems which have worried theologians and philosophers throughout the ages, and they are also the problems of the man in the street—very much so today, and that is why he is so rarely the man in the pew.

Daunted by their task, despairing of any acceptable solution, some apologists have tried—not surprisingly, you may think—to ease the situation by reducing the claims of their religion to a minimum; and this has meant, in some cases, getting rid of the element of mystery altogether, at least in any ultimate form. Others take the course of refusing to say anything about the mystery or of denying that what they do say is meant to make sense in any way. They lop off one or other of the horns of their dilemma. It is with these short cuts—or with what I may call the easy way out—that I want to deal here; and I shall take as my examples some of the persons whose ideas carry much weight today.

The first is J. Cook Wilson, who held the Wykeham Professorship of Logic at Oxford from 1889 to 1915. He dominated much of Oxford philosophy in his day, as T. H. Green had done before him, and as Ryle and Austin have done of late. Cook Wilson led the realist revolt against idealism; and one of the main things he taught was that there are certain things we know without adducing reasons for them. In ethics this was taken up and given wide influence by two of Cook Wilson's most eminent disciples, H. A. Prichard and W. D.

Ross. Prichard argued, in a famous paper and an inaugural lecture, that moral philosophers, from Plato until now, had gone astray by trying to prove, in terms of enlightened self-interest and so on, that we have duties; whereas they should have seen that we just recognize our duties directly or by intuition.

Intuition and Contemporary Philosophy

That there must be intuition at some stage in our ethical thinking seems to me true; and, in a somewhat different guise, the notion that, in ethics as elsewhere, we just know certain things or know 'without further reason' has a wide currency in the most fashionable philosophical quarters today. The intuitionists are much derided, but their soul, disembodied and a little forlorn, goes marching on in much that we hear. The affinity—in point of history and substance—between the intuitionists, and Cook Wilson himself in particular, and some of our eminent contemporaries needs bringing out.

Cook Wilson extended his views to many fields, to the question of cause and effect, for instance, and even to particular things that exist: we all know that there are material things and that there are other persons—there is no real doubt here and the knowledge is immediate—nor could anyone do, as the famous jibe has it, with just 'inferred friends'. Much of this seems to me highly questionable: we may after all be taken in at Madame Tussauds. But what matters at the moment is that Cook Wilson applied his view also to our knowledge of God. He did this in a famous paper entitled 'Rational Grounds of Belief in God'. The story, perhaps apocryphal, goes that the professor began his paper before an eager audience in his rooms soon after eight one evening but that the meeting had to be adjourned at midnight as he had not got beyond the preliminaries of what constitutes proof and so on. However, in its posthumously printed form it is not unduly long; and, although this may be news to many philosophers, its influence on theological thinking has been wide.

Immediate Knowledge of God

Cook Wilson is not without respect for some arguments for the existence of God, but he also thinks that argument is beside the point and misleading. We do not need proof; we have immediate knowledge of God. How, then, do we come to doubt and why is doubt so widespread? Doubt arises, it seems, at a certain sophisticated level of reflecting upon our experiences; and it closely resembles the doubt to which philosophers are generally prone. Philosophers have had curious doubts: they have doubted the existence of an external world, the principle of cause and effect, their own existence and that of their friends. This is doubt indeed, and yet it is a very special kind of doubt. The philosophers were in earnest, yet they were not fools; nor were they visionaries heedless of the world about them.

Berkeley, in his well-known denial of matter, claimed to be putting the view of common sense. He did not, whatever the limericks may suggest, deny that there is any sense in which there is 'a table before me'. He maintained firmly that there is. He would not try to walk through the wall, or disregard the traffic in the road, on the ground that these were not real; nor was this because he lacked the courage of his convictions. He admitted, indeed insisted, that we do have the experiences we seem to have, that there can only be this brown surface before me when I look at the table, this sound if I rap it, this pain if I bang my head against it, and so on. But he also held that these were not real except as they happened to us in these unavoidable ways. In short, he was not denying ordinary facts of the world as they come into normal experiences; he would behave as all of us do and was not intending to query any particular item of our day-to-day beliefs about objects around us—that this is not real, that the other is, and so on. He just had a theory about the facts of experience as we all of us find them. There may have been a factual element in this denial, but the ordinary facts of experience were not called in question at all. Nor would the urbane Hume, in denying the existence of 'the self', dream of suggesting that there was no such person as Mr. Hume. He and his friends knew there was.

Unwarranted Misgivings

The situation, according to Cook Wilson, is the same in religion. Religious doubt is just like philosophic doubt. The facts are there and cannot be denied. We do have religious experience and this is experience of God. In the experience itself that is evident, but when we reflect about it at a certain sophisticated level and fall under the influence of misleading philosophical notions, we seem to have unwarranted misgivings. But in trying to sustain this view and show how hollow all doubt really is in religion, Cook Wilson tends to direct attention to a side of religious experience which presents least difficulty: that is, to the emotion. The emotion is indeed 'unique', it is 'a solemn reverent attitude' and 'is only possible because we are convinced of the presence of something entirely transcending everything human'. 'The feeling', as he also puts it, 'the feeling then, points to the reality of the experience'. There seems to be a leap here from our having an idea, or from an idea being implied by our feeling, to its being sound.

But what interests me most is that, in his zeal to prove his case, Cook Wilson tends to disembarrass religious experience of anything that anyone would wish to question. Those 'actual experiences of our own' become 'times of great emotion, when, as the saying is, we seem lifted beyond ourselves. Times, it may be, of great trouble, or of great joy'. But what does this give us? Everyone has, no doubt, times of great emotion, of great trouble, or great joy; and if not, he can recognize them as Shakespeare or

some other accomplished dramatist presents them. But now we seem to be down to merely human things. Where does God come in? The atheist may also say that he has 'times of great trouble and so on'. He may add: 'So what?'

This attenuation of faith, the attempt to make the case by quietly pushing the stumbling-block out of the way, is occasional and hesitant in Cook Wilson himself. His successors have been much bolder. Of these, few follow the leader more closely than the late Professor John Baillie.

In his book, *Our Knowledge of God*, Baillie takes his cue directly from Cook Wilson, and affirming that religious doubt is just like philosophic doubt, in the sense described, he boldly insists that there is no genuine atheist. There are of course honest atheists; it is not sincerity that is in dispute. The atheist honestly believes that he does not believe in God, but he is mistaken; and what he denies 'at the top of his mind', in Baillie's oft-repeated words, he affirms 'at the bottom of his heart'.

Desperate Counsel

Pressed to defend his case, Baillie makes two main moves. First, he refers to the case-books of the psychologists, the suggestion being that, if we peer below the surface into the unconscious, allegations of doubt will soon be exploded. This is desperate counsel. We need all the help that psychologists can give us; but unless we can make some way on our own and stand in the daylight of ordinary consciousness, it is not likely that we shall redeem the situation in the murky depths of the unconscious. Some strange things happen there, we are told; the reports are ambiguous and conflicting, the evidence incomplete. Baillie's second move is to equate religion with morality at the crucial points. Our experience of God is reduced to having 'an uneasy conscience', and we are obscurely told of the shoemaker 'who spent his breath proving that God did not exist, but spent his life proving that He did'. There is always 'some germ of faith, however unrecognized'. But this is just the sort of Pyrrhic victory of which I complain. It may be possible to show that we all have an uneasy conscience, or at least some sense of right and wrong; but this is not to show that men believe in God, much less that there is God and that He was also in Christ reconciling the world to himself.

But I return to the philosophers. It is well known that the fashion today is empiricism. Nothing can be known that is not observable; and we cannot get beyond the here and now of present existence. Some hold this position and yet remain keenly religious; for what is religion but a way of 'satisfying religious emotions', or, as R. B. Braithwaite holds, a moral policy inspired by stories which need not be true or thought to be so. Many others, prompted by Wittgenstein, treat all metaphysics and religion as just a way of looking at the undisputed facts of the ordinary world. Just as we may see a drawing now as a staircase, now as a cornice, or a picture now as a duck and now as a rabbit, but without changing the picture at all, so we may have different conspectuses on the world around us; and that is all that belief and disbelief involve. T. R. Miles commends this view in lucid terms in his book, *Religion and the Scientific Outlook*:

Now it is commonly supposed that those who believe in God have in their possession some factual knowledge which is not available to unbelievers. It has been one of the main purposes of this book to argue that such a view is mistaken. The word 'God' cannot be thought of as the name of an extra para-physical entity, since the notion of a para-physical entity makes no sense. However important the insights of the religious believer and the mystic, we cannot claim that they are the possessors of extra factual information which the unbeliever lacks. Two people may have access to exactly the same factual information, may feel the same joys and sorrows, may be confronted with the same good fortunes or disasters, and yet may tell different and conflicting parables. It is not that one person is better informed on his facts than the other; it is rather that they see the same facts, as it were, through different spectacles.

Survival after Death

There you have it. Some attempt to redeem the position by stressing the peculiarity of religious language, but without allowing that this involves peculiar supernatural facts. W. H. Poteat maintains that survival after death is a logically impossible notion, basing this on the allegedly odd behaviour of the verb 'to die', which, so it is curiously held, cannot ever be used in the first person in the past tense. We shall not survive the dissolution of our bodies. That will be the end; but what of that? We can

still affirm in some unspecified existentialist sense the myth of the Resurrection of the body.

I, at least, can make little of this argument; it seems merely a lurid example of misplaced ingenuity. O. K. Bousma again denies that there can be grounds for belief in any sense; we just believe—a position close to dogmatic pietism. And this—let it be admitted—is in line with much that eminent theologians are saying. Disconcerted by the problems of Biblical criticism, they sit very loosely to any affirmation of fact. We may not be able to get at the historical Jesus at all; indeed, perhaps He never lived. But what does that matter? We have the Christ of faith.

A Hindu Point of View

Compare this with the words of a remarkable Hindu philosopher who had much sympathy with Christianity, namely Sri Aurobindo. He says:

Such controversies as the one which has raged in Europe over the historicity of Christ would seem to a spiritually minded Indian largely a waste of time. . . . What does it matter in the end whether a Jesus, son of the carpenter Joseph, was actually born in Nazareth or Bethlehem, lived and taught and was done to death on a real or trumped-up charge of sedition, so long as we can know by spiritual experience the inner Christ, live uplifted in the light of His teaching and escape from the yoke of the natural law by that atonement of man with God of which the crucifixion is the symbol?

Here are many ingredients of Christian faith; and I do not think that Christians would cavil at what Sri Aurobindo says, if I had only read the last bit. But all the same, this Hindu version is an attenuation. The stumbling-block has gone; and I quoted Aurobindo's statement at this point because, for the life of me, I cannot find a difference of substance between it and much that one reads in the theology of Paul Tillich—in the opinion of many, the greatest theologian of our time.

It is significant that the way of attenuation, if I may so call it, has an appeal for people so differently placed. It has been trodden by many a pilgrim between Cook Wilson and Tillich. But it will never get us to our destination. Somehow, we must hold on to the ultimate irreducible mystery; and we must also be bold in our affirmations about it. Is that possible? In my next talk I shall try to say why I think it is.

—Third Programme

Letters to the Editor

'Because One Does, Old Boy'

Sir,—Mr. Russell Braddon (*THE LISTENER*, February 16) is as entitled to his impressions of the British and Australians as anyone, but must he present the Australians, alone among the nations, as being absolutely uniform in ideas, temperament, and judgment? In short, as an Australian, I object to being included as an unconsulted supporter of the writer when he is giving his individual views on controversial matters; 'we Australians' are as capable of division over politics, ideas, and attitudes as any other people.

For instance, by what public opinion survey has Mr. Braddon decided that 'we Australians call this country home'. I don't, and I'm willing

to contend that a sizeable proportion of the Australian population (25 per cent. of whom are of Irish descent) would never dream of doing so.

And whatever Mr. Braddon's peculiar ideas on Welfare State aid may be, as he has myself and 10,000,000 other Australians depicted as supporting him in a solid front I feel that I once again must register dissent. The particular case of shortage of infant crèches for British migrants or anyone else in Australia is deplorable, and it is doubtful indeed if any sociological survey has ever determined the correct Australian attitude to fouled communal lavatories or muddy hostel paths.

State aid, as a matter of historical interest, has not been as shunned in Australia as Mr. Braddon would suggest, and Britain I (individu-

ally) suspect was not as defiant yesterday, or servile today, as the talk leads us to believe.

At least, I hope my humble dissent is recorded, as I am as sick of being told what I and other Australians are supposed to think as Mr. Braddon is of seeing Britons cowed by state, municipal council, and trade union.

Yours, etc.,

London, W.1

R. HAYWORTH

Thinking about China

Sir,—Mrs. Diana Spearman says it has not been disclosed why people in Hong Kong have been able to send food to their relations in China. But it has been. The Hong Kongers have been able to buy food imported from China. In

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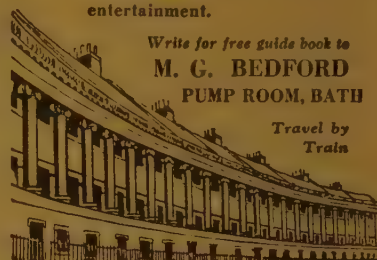
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The Times of January 13 their Hong Kong correspondent, after reporting that people take hundredweights of rice to their friends in China, adds: 'The ironical feature of it all is that Hong Kong relies largely on China for food supplies, which form a substantial part of the colony's imports'. So China exports the food its own people are short of.

Mrs. Spearman thinks this a demonstration of the superiority of the free-enterprise system. But let us consider the following: about fifteen years ago there was a famine in Bengal. Many thousands of people died of starvation. The Viceroy visited Calcutta, and after stepping over corpses lying about the streets, said he was considering forbidding the export of grain. *Considering!*

People starved to death in the great famine in Ireland last century. Ireland was during that time a food-exporting country. Argentinians have meatless days, Siamese go short of rice, Frenchmen drink rough Algerian wine. If Mrs. Spearman happens to have any friends in Cuba she can expect any day now a plea for a present of sugar.

All this does not demonstrate the superiority of any one system over another, whether Western capitalism or state capitalism masquerading as communism, as in China. All it shows is that when food or other wealth is produced it belongs not to the producer but to someone else—to do as he likes with.

Yours, etc.,

London, S.W.17

G. H. DAVIES

The Image of Pakistan

Sir,—The first question I am often asked, on being introduced to someone, or by a person in a bus queue or in a train who wants to start a conversation, is: 'And which part of India do you come from?' I have to tell them that I come from Pakistan and not India. Those who know that some sensitive Pakistanis are often angered by being called Indian, apologize, but many say: 'Well, it's the same thing really, isn't it?' To which I usually agree for there is no point in embarrassing the person: he is only trying to be friendly.

This seems to me to be a fairly essential reason why the image of Pakistan has 'no very solid grip on the British public mind' which is the point of departure of Mr. Ian Stephens' talk 'The Image of Pakistan' (*THE LISTENER*, February 9). The fact is that, to the British, *physically* we look very much like the Indians. I myself, and any other Pakistani, on seeing an Asian, can immediately place the country from which he comes, and in the case of Indians and Pakistanis even the province from which he comes. But the British can't: for them Indians are the Indians over whom they ruled for more than a century.

The sophisticated reasons which Mr. Stephens gives (such as the conditioning of the Western mind against Islam, and the overthrow of the British parliamentary system in Pakistan) may be deep psychological factors responsible for the uncertain image, but I would suggest that the image of the British public is formed by what it sees. Not only the uninformed British public, but also the educated part of it is not always aware that Pakistan exists because former Indian Muslims wanted a separate state when the time came for the British to leave India. The fact

that millions of Muslims continue to live in India (thus invalidating, in Indian opinion, Pakistan's *raison d'être*) and that people like myself who were born in Pakistan and are Pakistani nationals but have never been to Pakistan must cause considerable confusion. And if the consequent image of the country is confused, I do not think it is a matter of great regret: the image will be formed by what Pakistan does. At present Pakistan at least exists in the British consciousness, clearly or not; there are some countries—Somalia is a good example—which don't exist at all.

Yours, etc.,

London, S.W.15

ZULFIKAR GHOSE

The Greeks and Atheism

Sir,—I am afraid Mr. Kariger has not read with care. What I said in my talk (*THE LISTENER*, January 26) was: 'Among intellectuals there was a growing trend to scepticism towards the end of the archaic period... though we know of no one who went so far as to deny the gods themselves'; and not, as he writes, 'we know of no one in ancient Greece who went so far'. My talk was about archaic Greece, and the men Mr. Kariger names to show I was 'quite wrong' all lived in the classical and hellenistic periods.

Besides, the issue is not so simple as he makes out even for the later periods. The fact that one man was known as Theodoros Atheos does not immediately prove that he was an atheist as we use that word. The usual sense of *atheos* in antiquity was rejection of the prevailing conception of the gods, not 'atheist'. I cannot, Sir, reasonably ask you to give me enough space in which to demonstrate this point, but I may suggest that Mr. Kariger will find the evidence fully set out in A. B. Drachmann's neglected book, *Atheism in Pagan Antiquity*.

Yours, etc.,

Cambridge

M. I. FINLEY

Historicism in Architecture

Sir,—I have listened with great interest to Professor Pevsner's talk on the 'return of historicism' (published in *THE LISTENER*, February 16), even more so since I had missed the original talk at the R.I.B.A.

I wholeheartedly agree with Professor Pevsner's concern about the 'new historicism' which in my opinion endangers the whole position of architecture in this country, a position already highly precarious. To throw overboard the enthusiastic functionalism of the 'thirties' before it was even given an opportunity to mature takes from architecture its only *raison d'être* at the present time, namely, as referred to by Professor Pevsner, the service to the community. This is probably—as far as this country is concerned—the result of a still lingering 'Beaux Arts' mentality which puts form before content, and in doing so, architects find an easy way out.

To create a living architecture as a background to life itself, using the functional requirements of siting, materials, structure, manufacture, and assembly of components and usage as the means of expression is of course much harder than playing with form and requires a greater imagination and intellectual effort. Only where this has come into play have we, as a

nation, made a vital contribution to architecture, as for instance in the Schools Programme.

In an age the genius of which is expressed in space rockets and satellites, architecture does no longer play the part it did in the days of the cathedrals, which is a pill difficult to swallow, and only real genius can get away with Ronchamps, which after all is not a mere play with form, but bears a message in sculptured space, functional inasmuch as it fulfils an irrational task.

May I, however, correct Professor Pevsner on one item, namely, the design of the Furniture Manufacturers' Association Building he referred to in his talk? I was indirectly concerned with this in my capacity as a visiting tutor at the School of Architecture and partly responsible for the programme at the time.

It was generally recognized that a furniture manufacturers' association would probably not be a suitable vehicle for 'bowellist', as it was called, experiments. The one referred to was, however, by no means a merely formalist solution, inspired by Gaudi, but was a serious investigation into the possibilities of developing not an architectural style, but a building method based on a structural exploitation of the idea of continuity in stress flow and structural strength derived from a truly three-dimensional conception of space enclosure—similar to the building of ships and aircraft—as different from the two-dimensional and fundamentally crude concept of post and lintel.

The appropriate material, 'ferro-cement', was discussed with Professor Nervi personally and approved in principle even if it must be recognized that the present-day building industry would not be able to cope with this approach.

While not a functional building in the literal sense, it represented a pointer to a new approach to space enclosure, different from 'building' as we know it as an assembly of largely heterogeneous parts. As such it must be taken seriously and not be confused with formalism or neo-historicism.

Yours, etc.,

Amersham

H. WERNER ROSENTHAL

'To the Island'

Sir,—May I correct one of the comments by your critic of the Spoken Word about 'To the Island' (*THE LISTENER*, February 16)? The programme did not stop 'suddenly in mid-air'. It ended where it was meant to end, with 'The Last Galway Hooker', and anyone actually listening to the poem would have known this. Another poem, 'Sailing to an Island', had to be cut from the beginning of the programme because my reading time was longer than planned on paper, and the programme was broadcast in the interval of an opera. The producer, Mr. George MacBeth, himself a poet, decided to cut one of the two poems rather than try to speed up the whole thing in another recording. The full programme is to be broadcast at a later date.

The value of Miss Richardson's other comment, that 'The Last Galway Hooker' 'seemed bathetic to a degree', may be reckoned by her reaction to an extremely distinguished poetry programme in the same week, by Theodore Roethke. This she didn't even mention.

Yours, etc.,

Inishbofin

RICHARD MURPHY

A Half-open Door

C. DAY LEWIS on Thomas Hardy and Dorset

IF YOU GO INTO the museum at Casterbridge—sorry, I mean Dorchester—and walk through a gallery filled with objects excavated from Maiden Castle, you find yourself presently in a room devoted to memorials of Thomas Hardy. Its left-hand wall is glass. Turn on the electric switch, and you are looking through this window into a small, lighted room, looking right into the heart of Wessex. For here is the study of the man who created Wessex. This little room is furnished with the things that used to be in his study at Max Gate. You see his books; over the fireplace hang framed illustrations from those books. There are walking sticks, a cello, a rather threadbare carpet. Directly beneath the window is Hardy's desk, and on it the spectacles and the pens he used when he was writing some of his later masterpieces. In the far left-hand corner is the study door. It is half open.

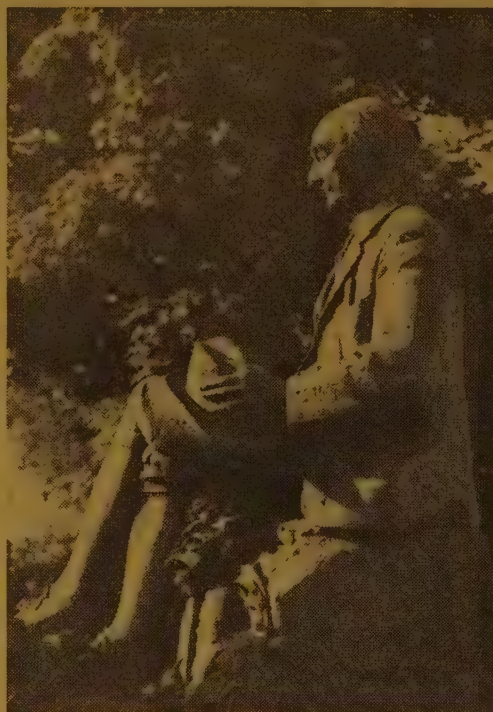
Thomas Hardy has nipped out for a little, to chase some boys trespassing in his garden, or to take his famous dog, Wessex, for an airing; or perhaps he has gone out to receive the Prince of Wales, who has come to lunch.

Lift latch, step in, be welcome, Sir,
Albeit to see you I'm unglad
And your face is fraught with a deathly shyness
Bleaching what pink it may have had.
Come in, come in, Your Royal Highness.

So Max Beerbohm began his parody of a Hardy poem commemorating that sticky luncheon—the great-hearted recluse old writer and the good-hearted but far from bookish young Prince.

Still, the study door is half open. As soon as he has seen off the Prince of Wales, or the trespassing boys, Hardy will come in again and resume work. When first I saw this study in the museum, and my eyes lit on the door, I almost started back. How appalling if Hardy should come in and find me, a total stranger, with my nose pressed to his window! The next instant, I recollected that I was in a museum and Hardy had been dead for years. Nevertheless, at that moment he came alive for me—and he has stayed alive in me ever since.

I never even saw him, though from 1917 to 1923 I was at school only twenty miles from Dorchester, and I often revisited Dorset during the remainder of his lifetime. I had admired his work, and I was beginning to be familiar with the countryside in which it is set. But this was something different. It was as if, through that half-open door, Hardy had entered



Statue of Thomas Hardy at Dorchester

into me—no, as if I had entered into him, and through him into fuller possession of his Dorset.

I say 'his Dorset', because he made it over: Dorset is a leading character in his books. It is a pity he changed the original Dorset place names: like his own way of writing, they range from the melodious to the odd, from the romantic to the earthy: Melplash, Owermoigne,

Rime Intrinseca; Toller Porcorum, Eype, Plush; Winterborne Came, Chantmarle, Windwhistle; Puncknowle, Dogbury, Puddletown. Yet, charming as such names are, I sometimes confuse them with Hardy's fictional ones—calling Dorchester Casterbridge, visiting not Weymouth but Budmouth Regis, finding myself in Mellstock instead of Stinsford and the Bockhamptons. And the people in his novels are as actual to me as the places. I should not be so very surprised to find Bathsheba Everdene emerging in a sun-bonnet from Waterston Manor, which was once her farm, or poor Tess anxiously plodding along the road from Flintcomb Ash to Beaminster.

The genius of Dorset, like Hardy's genius, is a blend of homeliness and the long view. Cosy villages, warm little towns opening straight out on to the countryside. But also the great coloured vistas—Egdon Heath, Blackmoor Vale as you view it from High Stoy, or the miles of tumbled hills west of Bridport—great expanses where the inhabitants, if visible at all, tend to be in the middle distance. Again and again in Hardy's novels we are presented first with some such panorama, and then the eye pans slowly up to a speck in the midst of it—some valiant, warm little mortal trudging along under the indifferent gaze of his destiny. I venerate Hardy for this power to distance himself from his characters and yet to observe them in the most loving detail.

With Hardy, more than with anyone else I know, I feel the man, his work, and his countryside to be all of a piece. Even the stories told about Hardy are remarkably like stories by him. Some years ago I paid a pilgrimage to Stinsford, where his heart was buried beside his first wife, Emma. Back at the pub, I told some local farmers what I had been doing. They wouldn't have it at all. One of them said: 'Now, Mr. Day Lewis, tes true enough up to a point. Ees body were laid in Westminster Abbey, just as you say. And ees heart was taken out to put in the tomb at Stinsford. But it never got there'.

'Never got there? But ...'

'Why, tes common knowledge hereabouts. Now, they took out ees heart at Max Gate—where he'd lived see?—and they laid en a moment on the hall table. And the cat got en'.

How Hardy would have revelled in that story! He'd have sat down and made a poem of it—one of those sombre yet jaunty little poems in which he in-



Thomas Hardy's study: a reconstruction in the Dorset County Museum, Dorchester



Stinsford church, near Dorchester, and (inset) the grave where Thomas Hardy's heart is buried

indulged his love of bizarre village gossip. The poem would have been called 'On the Hall Table'.

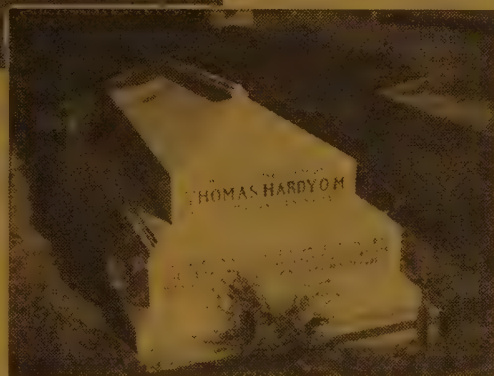
Remarkable that a man, after his death, could generate a story so perfectly in character with him, particularly when we know that Hardy was not a strong personality to meet. Bicycling along the Dorset lanes, in Norfolk jacket and knickerbockers, he would have been taken for a vet., or a respectable corn chandler. He was diffident, unobtrusive, anonymous almost. That is another thing I respect him for: I believe the artist, the poet, should be the very opposite of the television personality, should be so absorbed by his work that he disappears into it.

He was a small man physically; an insignificant-looking man, till you noted his eyes; a writer of heroic stature. I have always been a hero-worshipper—never doubted that there are a few people whose virtue or imaginative power or spiritual vision are far greater than the rest of us could attain to. I do not like this modern cult of the mediocre; I do not like the 'common man's' self-satisfied notion that he is as good as anyone else; I do not even believe that an ignoramus has as much right to voice his views on a subject as the man who is expert in it. The value of a hero is that you can look up to him without any feeling of envy for him: he is not a demi-god; you can be aware of his faults, but these are dwarfed by the abundance of life in him.

Indifference to greatness is even worse than envy: it is the process by which a small mind tries to feel bigger by cutting everything down to its own size. I could not cut Hardy down to my size even if I wanted to. But there was one condition of his greatness which I do envy him: his rootedness. He was firmly planted in a part of England rich in history and in a great variety of natural beauty; and he put down roots ever deeper into a philosophy I myself find sympathetic—a humanist philosophy based on the tragic view of life. Of course, a writer who is merely rooted will tend to go to seed. He needs periods when he can get away from his roots, sharpen his mind on new ideas, new people, enrich it with new experience; and he

needs alternate periods when he can return to the familiar, and in solitude go about his business. Hardy had his retreat in Dorset; and once a year he would come up to London for a month or two, dine with duchesses, politicians, authors, and trot off—bless his heart—to the Royal Academy.

Nowadays that balanced sort of life, even if it were economically possible for a writer, is psychologically much more difficult. And here is the reason. To be



rooted in a place means feeling a deep sense of its past, as well as being alive to it in the present. But this sense of the past becomes a mere sentimental nostalgia if we have no confidence in the future. To be fruitful in us, the past depends on a continuity we can feel reaching out beyond us into the future. And what sort of future have we today, when humanity seems bent on destroying itself?

I suppose every man feels in himself from time to time those two opposing pulls: a need for roots, and an impulse to tear them up. If I had not been possessed from an early age with the desire to write poetry, dedicate my life to it, I think now I should have liked to be a sailor or a farmer: the one whose profession compels him to be always on the move; the one who must stay put year after year on the same acres. A poet has to be a bit of both—farmer and sailor. He is an explorer, travelling the solitudes of unknown seas; he makes things grow, in his own mind, 'a harvest from small beginnings'. For a few years, while I was living on the Dorset-Devon border, I was able to be all three, in a fragmentary, miniature way. I sailed my dinghy in Lyme Bay; I worked occasionally on a neighbour's farm; I wrote poems.

If I could ever retire, it would be to Dorset. For me, the country does not properly begin till I get west of Salisbury; and the English language lacks something till I hear it again spoken by west-country voices; and there is no wind like the delicate south-west airs that blow across the From valley or Blackmoor Vale. I imagine myself living in one of those Tudor manor houses that jewel the county, or in a rambling old Dorset rectory saturated with the wood-smoke of generations. But I know this is all fantasy. Too late, too late now, to put down

roots, work myself into the very bone of a place, however beloved it may be.

Still, it is something to have found a countryside that welcomes me home, even as a visitor; and to know that, side by side with the real people there, I shall meet again the no-less-living characters of Hardy's books, who make it hallowed ground for me. The place is hallowed by Hardy's compassion for human beings, his loving-kindness towards them in their humours and their mischances; that is why I find him one of the few great writers for whom I can feel not only admiration but a strong personal affection. He was a great master in the education of the heart. His own grew mellowed the older he got. At the end of his poem 'An Ancient to Ancients' he said:

Sophocles, Plato, Socrates,

Gentlemen,

Pythagoras, Thucydides,

Herodotus, and Homer,—yea,

Clement, Augustin, Origen,

Burnt brightlier towards their setting-day,

Gentlemen.

And ye, red-lipped and smooth-browed; list,
Gentlemen;

Much is there waits you we have missed;

Much lore we leave you worth the knowing,

Much, much has lain outside our ken:

Nay, rush not: time serves: we are going,
Gentlemen.

And there, in the Dorchester museum, is that half-open door; and Hardy will always be returning through it, for he is one of the immortals.—*Home Service*

Greek Science

(concluded from page 346)

opportunity for further scientific research disappeared. Thus the works of Galen and Ptolemy became crystallized as the last word, and dictated the trend of medicine and astronomy for over a thousand years to come.

It is unfortunate that the immediate legacy of Greek science was so sterile; that the brilliant men who lived in the centuries after Aristotle were preoccupied with new fields of knowledge and were not more critical of his physics; it is unfortunate that Galen and Ptolemy happened to come at the end of a cultural era and that such speculation as survived them became almost completely subordinated to Christian belief and doctrine. Yet the essential weakness of Greek science was an internal one, and this weakness was also much of its strength: its vision of physics as philosophy not mechanics, and its disregard of attainable minor discoveries in favour of unattainable major ones. For philosophy itself this attitude was not wholly unfruitful—for science, it was a terrible limitation. Yet even so the actual achievement was tremendous. If philosophy prevented it, at the time, from being more tremendous still, yet it was philosophy that elicited and cherished the greatest of all Aristotle's achievements, a workable formal logic. This was the tool that was to enable science to resume its advance from the Renaissance onwards, and to attain its true status neither as mechanics nor as pure philosophy but as 'experimental philosophy', the name given to it in England by the founders of the Royal Society.

—From a talk in Network Three

Francis Bacon at Nottingham

STEPHEN SPENDER on an exciting modern painter

THE RETROSPECTIVE EXHIBITION of thirty-four paintings by Francis Bacon, shown in the spacious and well-lit gallery at the Nottingham University Department of Fine Art*, has too few early, and too many late, paintings to give a balanced view of his development. But the pictures, coming mostly from the collections of Mrs. James Bomford and Mr. Robert Sainsbury, are striking examples; and, away from the controversial atmosphere of London, it is possible to consider this exciting painter almost calmly.

Precautions have to be taken in estimating the work of artists who shock: and undoubtedly Bacon does this. When we are shocked, we are likely to feel that the artist exaggerates, and to react to this by exaggerating also and regarding him as more isolated than he really is. Many paintings which seemed ugly when they were painted, perhaps because the artist depicted the ugliest aspects of modern life, today, when those circumstances are past history, seem to us beautiful. Toulouse-Lautrec's paintings of whores, which his contemporaries thought repulsive, are like this. On the other hand some statements about life go on shocking us with their brutal exposure of the human condition: for example, Goya's studies of the disasters of war.

To judge calmly one has to consider how the painting is done, and what it is about. Each of Bacon's paintings, though painted rapidly, is an extremely calculated campaign by a masterly strategist who knows exactly how to deploy his forces and organize them. His victories are those pictures in which he succeeds in focusing, and leaving out of focus, different parts of an image, to express the conflict between forces of integration and disintegration. Working on his unprimed canvas, the largest areas of his paintings consist nearly always of thin paint of a colour that seems as garish as neon lighting, and which has the effect often of dye soaked into sacking. The 'worked on' part of the picture occupies a comparatively small area, which, by contrast with the merely coloured-in areas, seems far more thickly painted than is really the case, very opaque, and with a quality almost of plaster of Paris. By the bold decisive handling of these dry surfaces, Bacon creates an image set like a medallion against the flat, undifferentiated, crudely dramatized background.

One result of this treatment is that the technical means which he deploys, though highly individual, seem curiously depersonalized, deliberately and mockingly mechanical. The grass in 'Study for a Portrait of Van Gogh No. 1' consists simply of repeated hook-shaped strokes of emerald green. There is extraordinary observation in Bacon's paintings, but it is as sparing as

his other devices, concentrated, pin-pointed, directed for dramatic effect, to make the kind of comment which is conveyed by the glint on a man's spectacles, the gleam of false teeth. Again the observation is often indirect, seen as

'influences'; but in his attitude to Velazquez and Van Gogh he seems to be more influencing or interpreting our vision of the masters he admires than he is influenced by them.

His extraordinary convincingness is that he paints us not as we would like to see ourselves, but as organisms distorted in our physiognomy and behaviour by the visual world of machinery in which we are trapped. He paints the business tycoon as we might expect his desk or his telephone to see him; a patient as he might appear from the point of view of the psycho-analyst's couch. And this is how we really are. After visiting a Bacon exhibition, one observes one's fellow passengers in tube-train or lift with opened eyes: and then catches a glimpse of oneself, one of them, reflected in a window or fogged and lipstick-smeared looking-glass.

Bacon depicts man the result of man-made inhuman circumstances, therefore self-dehumanized. His figures are the ultimate contemporaries: cut off from the past, or only able to see it through their distorting lenses of the present, incapable of hope for the future. Instantaneous exposure becomes the way of seeing life insulated within the moment, an aesthetic of anti-aestheticism, a *Weltanschauung*.

The risk that Francis Bacon runs is, inevitably, of his pictures proving as inescapably imprisoned in their moment as are his men and women. But two early pictures, 'Crucifixion' (1931) and 'Golgotha' (1932), crude as they are, point to a theme which unites all his work and gives it force which is beyond the contemporary. The theme is the crucifixion. Taking a hint perhaps from the crucifixion itself, Bacon paints not Christ, but Barabbas crucified; and not just Barabbas, but the high priest crucified, Pontius Pilate crucified, the artist crucified.

There is certainly much hatred and disgust in these anti-sentimental, anti-aesthetic, anti-painting pictures. But there is also religious feeling. What is in doubt is whether there is love. Fifty years from now people will be able to decide this more assuredly than we can now. But meanwhile we ought to give this agonizingly honest portrayal of himself and ourselves the benefit of the doubt. For, at the very least, there is a great deal about ourselves and our world that we may learn from his art.



'Arab Carrying a Child', by Francis Bacon: from the exhibition at Nottingham University Art Gallery

it were at second-hand, and, finally, filtered through ironic self-mockery. The dog in 'Study of a Dog' is vividly canine—but we are not sure whether it is the animal we are seeing, or the artist's vision of a dog as an object 'caught' in the 1/500th-of-a-second shot of a high-speed lens. Van Gogh interpreted Millet as seen by Van Gogh: but Francis Bacon makes a picture of how the contemporaries he portrays, staring from behind their spectacles and snarling through their teeth, would see Van Gogh.

To call him 'traditional' because, in his merciless idiom, he paraphrases the Cardinals of Velazquez, whom he admires, seems to me misleading. For tradition consists of continuity. For a contemporary to interpret a past work entirely in the terms of his own contemporary way of seeing things, depriving it of its penumbra of pastness, emphatically indicates that continuity is impossible, that everything from the past, to be understood, has to be totally transmuted into the present, made part of the contemporary scene. Francis Bacon is not, of course, free of

Jacobean Theatre and Elizabethan Poetry (Edward Arnold, 25s. each), are the first two volumes in a new series of 'Stratford-upon-Avon Studies' from the Shakespeare Institute, under the general editorship of John Russell Brown and Bernard Harris. Each book consists of separate chapters commissioned from various hands.

The Listener's Book Chronicle

Poetry and Philosophy: a study in the thought of J. S. Mill. By Thomas Woods. Hutchinson. 25s.

Reviewed by MAURICE CRANSTON

MR. WOODS'S PROBLEM IS: what is the influence of poetry on philosophy? He tackles it by analysing one particular case, that of the influence of Wordsworth on Mill. Some readers may doubt whether much can be learned about the general question from one single—and, might it not be, exceptional?—instance; but none can doubt that Mr. Woods has made an original and useful contribution to our understanding of one great, or at any rate greatly influential theorist, the 'saint of rationalism', as Gladstone called him, though refusing to contribute to Mill's memorial on the grounds that he had advocated birth-control.

Mill himself, in his *Autobiography*, speaks gratefully of his debt to Wordsworth. He discovered him at the age of twenty, when he was suffering from some sort of nervous breakdown. Mill had had from his rigidly rationalistic father much the sort of abnormal education that Kierkegaard had from a fanatically religious father. When he grew up, Mill could neither follow his father, nor break free of him. Until he was twenty he accepted James Mill's utilitarian philosophy, which looked to science and analysis for knowledge, and which made quantitative happiness the measure of morality. But in his 'time of despair' Mill reached out for something less materialistic; he felt a need for the spiritual, aesthetic things his father's philosophy had no room for. To this condition Wordsworth's poetry spoke most eloquently.

'What made Wordsworth's poems a medicine for my state of mind', Mill wrote, 'was that they expressed not mere outward beauty, but states of feeling, and of thought coloured by feeling under excitement of beauty. They seemed to be the very authors of feelings I was in quest of'.

Wordsworth was the subject of one of Mill's best early essays in literary criticism; in fact much that Mill wrote in his youth was more in the spirit of the new romanticism than of the old rationalism. (It is a pity that these early essays are nowadays so difficult to come by.) Mr. Woods quotes from a letter that Mill wrote to Carlyle, the following Wordsworthian utterance:

I conceive that most of the highest truths are, to persons endowed by nature in certain ways which I think I could state, intuitive; that is, they need neither explanation nor proof, but if not known before are assented to as soon as stated. Now, it appears to me that the poet or artist is conversant chiefly with such truths, and that his office in respect to truth is to declare them, and make them impressive.

No wonder that Carlyle hailed Mill in those days as 'a new Mystic'. But Carlyle was soon disappointed in him. Mill's mind had been too solidly cast in the rationalistic mould. And as he grew older he turned away from poetry to the things his father had taught him, to economics, logic, government, and social reform; and he wrote about these matters as one who sought

to revise and enlarge the traditional rationalistic *Weltanschauung*, rather than as one who had found, through Wordsworth, an entirely different vision.

'I never turned recreant to intellectual culture . . . ' Mill afterwards wrote, 'but I thought it had consequences which required to be corrected, by joining other kinds of cultivation with it'.

The trouble with this scheme is that the two things which Mill tried to combine, the rationalistic and the romantic views of life, are highly resistant to union: for the one believes in science, reason, utility, freedom, improvement, and the leadership of intellectuals; whereas the other believes in religion, metaphysics, emotional inspiration, transcendental morality, the superior reality of unseen things and the wisdom of the heart.

Indeed I think it is arguable that Mill's attempt to 'enrich' the one philosophy with the other had as its only consequence that his rationalism was vitiated by the incongruous romantic intrusions. Even the most sympathetic reader must find him paradoxical; and some of Mill's reasoning (such as his proof that what is desirable is what is desired) is exceedingly slipshod. He relies a great deal on charm; we are inclined to listen because he says what we want to believe; because he seems to offer us the best of both worlds.

Mr. Woods's book—which is splendid as far as it goes—stops short of the personal, psychological questions it seems to pose. What drew Mill back from the Wordsworthian inspiration of his early twenties? Was it perhaps Mrs. Taylor, with whom his *amitié amoureuse* began at the age of twenty-four? Their relationship could perhaps be called a romantic one, but in Mrs. Taylor's personality—the domineering left-wing intellectual female—there was precious little Wordsworthian *Geist*, and much utilitarian conscience. We might almost fancy her as another James Mill *en travesti*, father-figure and mother in one.

The Historian's Business and Other Essays

By Richard Pares. Oxford. 25s.

Richard Pares died in 1958, aged fifty-five, after struggling for more than ten years with an incurable disease, which left him completely paralysed in body, but at the height of his intellectual powers. During these years, as Dr. Sutherland says in an admirable biographical introduction, his output would have done credit both in quality and volume to a historian suffering under none of his disabilities. Besides editing the *English Historical Review*, he produced three books, one of them published posthumously, as well as a large number of shorter works, articles, and reviews. All but three of the essays in the present volume belong to this period of his life. Outstanding among them is a long and masterly critique of Dr. Arnold Toynbee, giving a lucid description of Dr. Toynbee's theories, and of the reasons why most professional historians reject them. Pares's special interest, the West Indies in the eighteenth century, is reflected in

several essays, notably in 'A London West India House', giving an account of the founder of the Lascelles family. Mention should also be made of 'George III and the Politicians', which developed into what Dr. Sutherland describes as 'the remarkable *tour de force* of his Ford lectures, delivered from a wheeled chair to a large and delighted audience in 1952'. Altogether the book constitutes an impressive and moving memorial both to the talents and to the unquenchable spirit of its author.

ROMNEY SEDGWICK

Guillaume Apollinaire and the Cubist Life

By Cecily Mackworth. John Murray. 25s.

Although numbers of books concerned with Apollinaire's life and works have been published in France and the most complete of the French biographies, that of Marcel Adéma, has been translated into English, this is the first full-length biography conceived in English and intended for an English (and no doubt North American) public. As such, all lovers of Apollinaire's poetry will wish it well. It seems right, too, that this task should have been completed by a woman, for Apollinaire could not do without women, even if one of the mysteries of his life (on which little new light is shed by Cecily Mackworth) is what exactly he did *with* them; the eroticism in his love-poetry as in his love-life seems strangely cerebral rather than practical. Such probings are not Cecily Mackworth's intent: she is happy to give us the surface of Apollinaire's life, his comings and goings, an account of his published critical and creative writings, to provide us with M. Adéma's definitive clarification of the poet's birth and to give us a broad general picture of the life of his particular society, which includes interesting glimpses of such strange figures as le Douanier Rousseau, Alfred Jarry, and Max Jacob as well as of painters such as Picasso, Chagall, Marie Laurencin, and Delaunay.

Cecily Mackworth has clearly a good general grasp of trends of French poetry and on the whole remembers that the man about whom she is writing is of interest to us primarily as the poet of *Alcools* and *Calligrammes*; although this work is plainly not meant to be a critical study of Apollinaire's poetry. The sub-title of the book ('and the Cubist Life') shows that the author's intention was not always literary, and here it must be admitted that a layman found little enlightenment in the pages dealing with Apollinaire's relations with the *école de Paris*. Is it not the case that Apollinaire's writings on cubism, while no doubt useful propaganda, are of little permanent value and, what is more, that it is a perilous matter to assess any so-called influence of cubism on Apollinaire's own writings? In a word, I suspect Cecily Mackworth on the one hand of taking Apollinaire too seriously (in his *cubist* utterances) and, on the other, of not taking him seriously enough by over-emphasizing his bohemian, so-called 'cubist' way of living, at the expense of his quite strongly marked bourgeois characteristics, well shown by the sort of woman he fell in love

with. I felt at times that Cecily Mackworth had too much in mind an earlier subject of her pen, François Villon.

But these are matters of taste, perhaps, which would be of importance only if this book were intended to be a serious critical study of Apollinaire and his work, with special reference to cubism, whereas it is plainly directed at those readers who, uninterested in meticulous accuracy, wish an attractive portrayal of an elusive legendary figure. It is to be hoped that it will lead many new readers to Apollinaire's own works.

DOUGLAS PARMÉE

Charles Booth: Social Scientist

By T. S. Simey and M. B. Simey.
Oxford. 30s.

Many years ago I was invited to tea by the late Mr. Justice MacNaghten to meet his mother-in-law. It was to be a memorable occasion because she was the niece of Lord Macaulay and had sat on the great man's knee. She was very old, very lively and full of charm, this niece of Lord Macaulay, but it was only after I had met her that I discovered that she had a far greater claim to fame in my eyes: she was the widow of Charles Booth, every page of whose celebrated inquiry into the *Life and Labour of the People in London* she had scrutinized. It was strange and significant that this fact was not mentioned, in spite of Booth's celebrity during his lifetime. He has been gravely neglected and at last justice has been done in this admirable study of his work by the holder of the Charles Booth Chair of Social Science in the University of Liverpool and his wife.

Charles Booth was a successful business man, who delighted in his commercial activities. At the same time he had a conscience; he was worried by the presence of poverty in the midst of increasing prosperity. This he would not pass off by blaming it on Providence or Sin; he set out to make a scientific enquiry into the extent of poverty, its causes and its cure. Surveys had been done before he embarked on his, but none of them had been inspired by so firm and conscious an insistence on scientific accuracy. In his first series—the 'poverty series'—he surveyed the whole of London and discovered that the major cause of poverty lay in 'questions of employment', next to which came 'questions of circumstances'—illness, size of family, etc.—while only about fourteen per cent. was due to bad habits.

What was the relation of industry to all this? He proceeded to survey all the industries in the metropolis. But then life in a society is inspired by values, and among them religious values. Accordingly he surveyed all the religious denominations of London. All this time he was conducting his business. He worked far into the night and practically gave up eating. And that was not all, he was making recommendations for old age pensions for all and publicly owned transport so that workers could live farther from their work. When one adds the innumerable committees he was on and the endless meetings he had to attend it is almost unbelievable that he should have done so much for social science.

The great merit of the Simeys' book is that they present the 'Inquiry' as a whole. It is true that the 'industrial series' moved away from the original intention to relate industry to

poverty; it is true that the 'religious series' is open to criticism, as Booth himself recognized, and that it only comes to the conclusion that religion does not mean much to the working classes; it is also true that Booth's commitment to individualism prevented him from recommending large-scale state interference. The point of Booth's contribution to social science, apart from the information he collected, is that he created a theoretical framework of an industrial society inspired by certain values, a framework in terms of which the particular problem of poverty was to be explained. He is known by his investigation into poverty—a pioneer of fact-finding—and the significance of the other thirteen volumes is grossly underestimated (a sin of which I am justly accused in a footnote).

The analysis of the 'Inquiry' could not have been better done, and the 'Evaluation' is extremely illuminating. Whether the account of the work and the evaluation should have been separated is open to question because it involves a good deal of repetition. However that may be, it is a minor point; what is really distressing is that so important a book should have so wretched an index.

W. J. H. SPROTT

Topical Comment

Essays in Dynamic Economics Applied
By Sir Roy Harrod. Macmillan. 25s.

'I am an unrepentant expansionist' are words that have often fallen from the lips of Sir Roy Harrod. They provide the theme that runs through this collection of essays and articles written over the period 1953 to 1959 and now reproduced verbatim in a book which does honour both to the author's courage and to his prescience. The essence of Sir Roy Harrod's contribution to economic thought lies in the substitution of a dynamic theoretical system for a static one. Current events, he argues, should be reviewed and judged not by static criteria but against some presupposed 'normal' rates of expansion. These 'normal' rates should be substituted for the normal or natural prices of static economics. Similarly, no situation should be judged without reference to what has been happening in the three or four preceding years and every policy recommendation should be related to a projection of the trade cycle over some time ahead.

In reproducing this selection of comments on current affairs, Sir Roy has offered considerable hostages to those who indulge in the safer pastime of jobbing backwards. Given the highly topical importance of the subject, it is interesting to subject an article written some eighteen months ago on 'America's Payments Problem' to the test of subsequent events.

At that time the United States was becoming seriously aware that there was such a thing as a balance of payments and had begun to incur the losses of gold which have continued to this day. Sir Roy, true to his expansionist bias, argued at the time that it was incumbent on other countries to think of this dollar problem as part of their own problem, to take it into account in shaping their policies and in particular to reduce interest rates on this side of the Atlantic, not only to bring help to the dollar but because many of the countries in Europe were in need of such an easing of credit policy. In fact, what happened immediately after this article was

written was precisely the reverse of what Sir Roy suggested. The United States reduced their interest rates in order to counter the onset of business recession, while in Europe the persistence of boom conditions kept interest rates high. The result was that to the forces already pressing against the U.S. balance of payments there was added a considerable flow of hot money from the New York to the London and other European markets.

Sir Roy would no doubt contend that European countries have been at fault and one will readily grant him that Germany should have eased her credit restrictions long before she actually did so. Fortunately, there is evidence now that Germany is beginning to indulge a way of economic life commensurate with its immensely strong balance of payments and reserve position. Could one, however, argue that Britain should have done likewise and continued to ease credit throughout 1960, a year when the balance of payments was deteriorating at an alarming rate?

This, however, leads one to the second major recommendation made in Sir Roy's July 1959 article, namely, that 'all discriminatory restrictions on the import of dollar goods should be removed for the time being'. That recommendation was, in fact, accepted and acted upon. Sir Roy has recently—too recently for inclusion in this book—suggested that one of the reasons for Britain's balance of payments difficulties is an unduly rapid dismantling of discriminatory restrictions on dollar imports. Is this a case in which the British Government took Sir Roy's advice too well and too quickly, or one in which there has been a change of mind on his part?

PAUL BAREAU

Angel with Horns. By A. P. Rossiter. Edited by Graham Storey. Longmans. 30s.

An Approach to 'Hamlet'. By L. C. Knights. Chatto and Windus. 12s. 6d.

A. P. Rossiter died early in 1957. The lecture on *Othello* which I heard him deliver to a Stratford Summer School in the preceding August must have been one of his last. It is included in the valuable posthumous collection of his Cambridge and Stratford lectures which has now appeared. The substance, and much of the style, is there, but something of the spirit of the man has inevitably departed. On that summer morning Rossiter began by remarking that he had always found himself on the wrong side in *Othello*. He was less in sympathy with the noble Moor than he was with Iago. There was a long moment of appalled silence. Then Rossiter hitched his belt and sailed in. There is nothing quite like that opening in the book. All the same it is a book not to be overlooked.

The sympathy with Iago was not a gimmick. It was an extreme example of Rossiter's ability to see both sides of a Shakespeare play at once and to keep the drama in motion between its opposite extremes. What most of us do, most of the time, is to seek for what it is now fashionable to call a 'fix'. We want to stop the flux from fluctuating, to make it stand still around some satisfactory central focus; whereas living works of art work on the heart-beat principle. The one-way pendulum is a clock that stops in the night. Rossiter insisted that the swing of the pendulum was the life of a Shakespeare play. The moment when one extreme is reached is

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Travel: have we gone too far?

WHAT do you do when you find a pleasant, un-tripped-to beach, or a good, cheap, uncrowded restaurant? Delightedly tell your friends? Or cover your tracks and hope they never find it?



Pierre d'Harcourt, The Observer's Travel Correspondent, must have this problem on a massive scale. When he writes of some sheltered retreat in Corsica, he is talking to over two million readers. It is, I suppose, just possible that they might all decide to go there in the same week.

Should Pierre d'Harcourt be allowed to tell? Has he gone too far? He is on expert and friendly terms with leisurely by-ways all over Europe, and quite a bit farther afield. Sometimes he is bound to give away somebody's special lair. But at least the people he gives it away to are other Observer readers, rather a nice lot by and large.

Besides, if you look on him just as a sort of super-tipster, you're missing more than half of it. He has an affectionate and perceptive way of writing about a place, and even if it happens to be your village, he will entertain you . . . and perhaps help you to see it more clearly.

Das Baden in Baden-Baden

Anyway, as a tipster, his work is very widely spread. He writes about a different place nearly every week in The Observer. And he answers more than 17,000 questions in readers' letters every year. He can tell you what's good about das Bad in Baden. Or how to find a Good Pullup for Carmen in Seville.

The clue to his column is in its title — "Time Off", for he has a fund of ideas about filling off-duty time, and this is a very important service, as more and more people are getting more and more time to fill.

Don't let anyone tell you that he has gone too far. He is still travelling, still looking avidly for places where the people are happy to see you, and the sun shines. You'll enjoy travelling hopefully with him, week by week, in The Observer.

J.B.L.



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precisely the one when the full swing to the opposite extreme is due to begin.

Thus, the moral view of the Histories is perfectly valid. But to contemplate it is to set the pendulum swinging back to the humanity (simplicity, if you prefer) in which the supreme figure is Falstaff. Equally, to cling to Falstaff is to hang on to a pendulum which is sweeping through the curve that leads inevitably to his rejection by the prince who has come to the responsibilities of rule.

Perhaps the extreme case is Hamlet's. We are prone to believe that Hamlet is Shakespeare himself, and also that Hamlet is ourselves. But we have to deal with a whole tribe of Hamlets, an all-black team, fifteen men on a live man's chest, taking their turns so adroitly that we can scarcely follow their dark comings and goings. Rossiter's achievement is to make us aware of this multiplicity of selves in Hamlet.

From another point of view, the ceaseless flux of conflicting selves in Hamlet might be seen as a fixed condition of disintegration. L. C. Knights has made his task more difficult by dropping his own earlier insistence on the common sense, kindness and normality of the people who make up Hamlet's environment, thanks to the influence of a chapter on *Hamlet* in a recent book by Professor Kitto. He still thinks that there was a lot wrong with Hamlet too. His last phrase for it is 'a fixation of consciousness—a condition in which neither death nor life can be truly known'. The attempt to make out this black figure against a black background is obscure but the conclusions agree at many key points with Rossiter's, and the two books can be profitably compared in this respect.

ROY WALKER

Portrait of an Officer. By Pierre-Henri Simon. Translated by Humphrey Hare. Secker and Warburg. 13s. 6d.

The Indo-Chinese and North-African wars have produced a full crop of journalistic or fictional works. Most of them disclose an interesting fascination for the officer as a literary character of an extremely attractive kind. The old French anti-militaristic tradition has run thin. To the usual types—the die-hard *chauvin* with his tri-coloured simplifications, the glorious adventurer reader of Lenin and the appalled second lieutenant—M. Simon has added another: the Christian warrior.

Jean de Larsan (*de*, of course) comes from a landed family. He has been to Saint-Cyr, the French Sandhurst. A dedicated professional soldier, he met the narrator in a German Offlag from which he escaped. After taking part in the liberation of France, he went to Indo-China. Eventually he was sent to Algeria. There he became so disgusted with the methods used by the French Army that he finally decided to resign. He is constantly asking himself questions which, one would have thought, had been answered some time ago: '... has chivalry any place at all in the conditions of modern war? You see, I'm wondering if real honesty and courage do not lie in looking at things as they are and admitting that the conditions of military action today inevitably link the soldier to the policeman when they do not reduce him to the status of an executioner'.

Incessant self-probing about honour, abnegation, courage, virile qualities, and other

ambiguous notions have ripped his conscience. And to such an extent that one cannot help feeling Malraux was right when he suggested that one was getting a little tired of saints. To Larsan, colonial business men are 'poets of action'. He is wonderfully feudal and paternalistic towards Brahim, an Algerian who has become a regular junior officer. Brahim is killed in Indo-China. His son Kadour will serve in Algeria under a rather bewildered Larsan. Kadour will desert to the F.L.N. ... A series of tragedies can turn a good tale into a melodrama.

Larsan quotes Vauvenargues and Valéry when interrogating a Viet-Min prisoner. On the whole, he finds it extremely difficult to 'live Corneille in a century of Kafka'. He will move those who think that this is a serious problem.

I was in the French army for over two years: not once was I fortunate enough to come across such curiously archaic specimens. Perhaps they had also resigned—a facility not granted to mere conscripts. Even if a few of these moral uniformed knights still exist, reading M. Simon's book, in the original and in this excellent translation, has not convinced me that they were at all important. Surely events in the last few years have shown that the prevalent types were of an entirely different calibre.

Oddly enough, the author is much more successful when portraying the tougher minor characters: Dhagondage for instance, an ex-*Polytechnicien* who easily accepts the idea of torturing 'rebels'; or Father Legouey, a military chaplain who, having reconciled canon law and the magneto, accuses Larsan of being a pseudo-Christian.

The basic intention of the book was liberal. Presumably, it wanted to show that an intelligent and sensitive man with a strict Catholic education could not agree with the way the war is conducted in Algeria and, ultimately, with the war itself. Unfortunately, Larsan doesn't seem particularly intelligent or sensitive. He is merely pompous. Could it be that it is now impossible to express the pangs of the aristocratic military psychology without an inflated style? Heavy well-rounded periods are no proof of intellectual profundity. Often they conceal a good deal of confusion. *Portrait of an Officer* is unconvincing as a document and old-fashioned as literature.

OLIVIER TODD

New Maps of Hell. A Survey of Science Fiction. By Kingsley Amis. Gollancz. 16s.

Such criticism as science fiction has met with in this country up to now has been unbalanced in its praise or its blame, generally ill-informed, often dull, and never comprehensive. Mr. Amis's book has changed all that.

Voices are now emerging from the generation that bought 'Astounding' and 'Amazing' on Woolworth's threepenny counter before the war, and that has followed their development ever since. One such voice is Edmund Crispin's. Now we have Mr. Amis, who demonstrates, with wit and humility, the virtues of what is in many ways a new genre. Let us hope he has killed for good and all the tedious popular notion that science fiction is 'spaceships'. He shows how much of it reaches a general public without the brand-label—1984 or Shute's *On The Beach*, for instance, both of which used themes already much-travelled in science fiction magazines.

This book has long been needed, and nobody could have done it better. Mr. Amis is particularly lucid on such subjects as how and why science-fiction interests do not coincide with those of ordinary fiction. The only point he does not seem to grasp (any regular science-fiction writer would have told him) relates to the fact that, as he says, the magazines are the breeding-grounds of science fiction; which means that a very few men—the editors of those magazines—are in control of policies, and they are apt to establish orthodoxies. This as much as anything leads to the disconcerting 'cliquiness' of much orthodox science fiction. Indeed, Mr. Amis himself shows a sign or two of the autocratic hand, in a preference for satire as against, say, the straight 'tale of wonder', which has a respectable place in any literature. But this is a minor stricture. The reaper has been over the field and left admirably few swathes uncut. It is difficult to see where the book will be most useful: among the public who have so far missed the eccentric pleasures of science fiction; or among the readers (and writers) who needed this new map, which happens to serve so admirably as a compass as well.

BRIAN W. ALDISS

The Birds of the British Isles

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The ninth volume of Dr. Bannerman's splendid series brings him to the waders, birds which have a particular fascination for many ornithologists. They are a large group consisting of numerous and diverse kinds, and although many of them were familiar for long enough as shore birds on British coasts during their southerly migrations the other half of their lives when they retired to nest in the remotest parts of the Arctic remained much of a mystery until recent times. The distances covered in the migrations of some species are astonishing—the little Sanderling is found in our winter as far away from its northern breeding places as South Africa.

As in previous volumes Dr. Bannerman has enlisted the help of naturalists who are personally acquainted with those birds that he has not been able to study extensively in the field himself. As a result his text is embellished with a number of first-class essays by leading authorities, notably by Professor G. M. Sutton of the University of Oklahoma who has made many expeditions to study the bird life of the Canadian arctic. This assistance is particularly valuable for 'in no group of birds are there so many species which do not rightfully belong to the British Isles, but which have reached us almost by chance from America or Siberia or beyond'. No less than twenty-two such species are dealt with in this volume; they are not however dismissed in a couple of lines apiece, but are described and discussed as fully as the others. Herein lies the great charm and value of the book, for Dr. Bannerman has whatever space he needs to dwell upon everything of interest so that he gives us an unhurried narrative that makes absorbing reading. The present volume covers rather more than half our waders, the rest, with the plovers, will fill the next. The beautiful coloured plates by the late George Lodge are a worthy complement to the text.

L. HARRISON MATTHEWS

CRITIC ON THE HEARTH

Weekly comments on B.B.C. programmes by independent contributors

Television Broadcasting

DOCUMENTARY

After the 'Flu

'IS LIFE WORTH LIVING? . . . it is, in a great measure, a question of the liver'. The eighty-year-old *Punch* joke came to my mind last week. Is television worth viewing? It is, in a great measure, a question of the viewer. Recovered from 'flu and its aftermath of depression, which had made the previous week's sessions in front of the brown box a chore hardly to be borne, I watched with reinvigorated keenness and tolerance. My mental taste-buds, cleansed by the physic of enforced idleness, revealed flavours almost forgotten. I enjoyed practically every programme I saw. For how long, I wonder, does this rejuvenescence last?

The second edition of 'Gallery' (February 16) was excellent, and a marked improvement on the first. I believe that this new political weekly has a bright future, provided its producers rigorously exclude those tedious slanging matches between representatives of the main parties which made 'Who Goes Home?', for example, such a dull display of party parrotting. How refreshing to listen, in this second edition, to a Conservative and a Labour member agreeing to differ in a civilized way. Mr. Wall, the Conservative, went so far as to say, for all the world to hear, that on a certain matter Mr. Mulley might be right. Neither resorted to that wearisome expedient, beloved of so many M.P.s, of harking back to what his opponent's party did in the 'twenties or 'thirties, as if what happened a generation ago was relevant to present-day political thinking.

Godfrey Hodgson's interview with Mrs. Castle and Mrs. Emmet, about the working conditions of members, was a first-rate item. Incidentally, it demonstrated in a new way the

friendships that exist in the House between political opponents. But class conventions, even those sub-consciously present in the mind, are an unconscionable time dying. Mrs. Castle was always 'Barbara' to Mrs. Emmet, but Mrs. E was never anything but 'Mrs. Emmet' to Mrs. C.

In my reawakened enthusiasm for television Dr. Bronowski's latest 'Insight' programme ('Life and the Arrow of Time', February 14) seemed, if not wholly admirable, at least comprehensible. Unlike some of the earlier instalments, this and the previous one, which was also concerned with time passing, made two or three points about the human concept of time which were interesting and thought-provoking. Mind you, I still consider that in this series Dr. Bronowski uses a sledge-hammer to crack a few small nuts. It was pleasant to find, in these last two programmes, that the nuts had kernels.

'The notion that the universe can create order out of disorder is alien to our thought', Dr. Bronowski told us. Is it? 'Total Eclipse' (February 15) was surely a refutation of the statement as it stands. The live broadcast, starting at seven in the morning, had the excitement of actuality and some of its disappointments, such as the obscuring mist at Selsey Bill and on the peak in Yugoslavia where Patrick Moore was; the failure of the sound from the French observatory, and the pictures of the almost-eclipsed sun which now and again seemed to have been reversed.

These were small matters which, paradoxically, emphasized the astounding technical achievement of Eurovision, which can transport us from a misty February morning in Britain to the south of France, to Italy, and to Yugoslavia within a few minutes and which, already, we are beginning to take for granted. Eurovision, to my mind, is the acme, apex, apogee, and all the other synonyms until you come to zenith, of television. Here, if anywhere, the technicians' virtuosity is justified by the use made of it.

The eclipse programme put out the same evening for those who missed the morning's live transmission provided an instructive comparison. Dr. Tom Margerison in the studio repeated the lucid preliminary explanation he had made on the beach at Selsey, and Dr. Butler had flown back from France to give the commentary that had failed to reach us. It was a capable, tidy summary of the morning's activities but, knowing that the important sequences were recordings, one felt, unmistakably, that something vital was missing.

I am sorry that Tony Soper's quiet little voyage down the intra-coastal waterway of the eastern American seaboard to the Bahamas has ended. The last of the three instalments ('Waterway', February 17) was notable for the sad pictures of the roseate flamingoes' breeding ground devastated by flooding, with near-hatched eggs floating among the scrub and half-a-dozen fledglings dying on their pencil-thin legs. Soper's camera, which has done much fine work for some of Peter Scott's nature films, here captured the indifference of natural catastrophe, as



A thin rim of the Sun left unobscured by the Moon, as seen on the television screen in 'Total Eclipse' on February 15

cruel and heartless in its effects as the man-made variety—and unavoidable.

This was a leisurely, occasionally amateurish piece of film-making which yet had the one quality essential for the success of any television programme—sincerity.

PETER POUND

DRAMA

Individual Responsibility

HOW FAR SHOULD WE blame ourselves for the catastrophes of others? To what extent are we permitted to retain our identities as individuals at the expense to the community of suffering in others? Personal answers to these questions depend on our own individual reactions to them; our actions, however, may well depend on society's own decision in the matter. Society, after all, has a right to defend her weaker members; hence the forces of law and order. Yet when all such persuasions fail it is the individual's own response which may finally decide the outcome of the matter under dispute.

The latter was the solution offered in *Girl on a Roof*, by Mr. Stuart Douglass, on February 16. This was a neat, capable, and entertaining, if by no means deep, description of the public-private life of a pop singer on the climb. As one suspected—and since it was written by an ex-theatrical publicity agent one assumes a deal of truth in the situation—the boy was the least ambitious of the cast involved in his success. Since all's fair in love, war, and show-biz, his manager and agent arranged for a smooth, cheap chunk of publicity to come their way by getting a home-sickened teen-age fan to barricade herself on the roof of the theatre the singer was playing in and then to threaten to fling herself into the street if her youthful idol were not presented to her face to face.

The affair did not entirely succeed although all the 999 boys and the press arrived in droves, welcome or otherwise. The singer, initially indifferent, became increasingly perturbed at the agony of the parents, the callousness of his backers, and the emotional crisis in the life of the girl. And where society failed to reason



Toulouse-Lautrec with the owner of the Moulin Rouge, seen in 'Monitor' on February 12

From 'Toulouse-Lautrec', by Henri Perruchot (Perpetua Books)

with her, the pop idol, realizing his own responsibility as an individual, however youthful and inexperienced he may seem to others, did not shirk his position. He was prepared to renounce his aspiration if this should be necessary for the girl's salvation.

Where one admired Mr. Douglass's accuracy of observation of the class and type he was describing was the way he did not place the boy's offer on a plane of unlikely heroism. I do not wish to suggest that this was a deep analysis of a topical social or moral problem. On the whole, the better parts of the play were on the periphery of the action: the on-stage acting of the John Barry Seven, the behind-scenes back-chat, the epicene camaraderie of these singing caravansers as they camp round the country on their dates. Here Mr. Douglass's first-hand knowledge was put to admirable service.

Miss Chloe Gibson in her production was alert to the possibilities of the situation, and with a by no means limitless cast she managed to establish the tension and mob excitement of an incident in the process of being magnified into a 'story'. Mr. Ray Brooks, though a trifle too baby-faced, was perfect in other respects as the singer, and the foils of the two astute managers, played by Mr. James Belchamber and Mr. Stanley Meadows, were in their quite different ways sharply and clearly presented.

Mr. J. B. Priestley's play *An Inspector Calls* (Sunday) backs up society's right to question and impose order on individuals who in themselves may prefer to freebooter their way through life. Their disregard for the rights of others and the disastrous consequences of their behaviour on those they come into contact with are forced to their notice by the arrival of a mysterious Inspector who represents individual and universal conscience.

The play, to my way of thinking, is not at all an ideal choice for television. The action is far too static; the situations too repetitious for the medium to be used as more than a carbon to transfer the image from the page to us, or else, as occasionally here, requiring to

be falsely tricked out with extra scenes. And the least that is needed is for the central part of the enigmatic, all-knowing, all-curious Inspector to throb with a sense of power, with an authority that none of the family dare question seriously. Mr. John Gregson was inclined to thunder, almost to bluster, in his efforts to dominate the scenes, and that lost the quiet, visionary assurance that gives the play tension. Possibly, too, if Miss Naomi Capon's production had speeded the action up, the rather too stolidly realistic playing of the rest of the cast would have acquired a less portentous air.

The gathering together into a slim volume of Mr. Stanley Baxter's satirical parodies from the revue *On the Bright Side* (February 14), was well worth while, even though the danger to the viewer was of a surfeit of



Waveney Lee as Shirley Smith and Ray Brooks as Red Mayne in *Girl on a Roof*



Scene from J. B. Priestley's *An Inspector Calls*, with (left to right) Alan Dobie as Eric Birling, John Gregson as Inspector Goole, Heather Sears as Sheila Birling, William Russell as Gerald Croft, and Edward Chapman as Arthur Birling

altogether' or that that one is 'not my period'. I find the link-man irritating but sympathize with all who carry the labour of lightness.

The last number included a neat piece of organized non-sequitur from William Saroyan, and a snatch of the lower sociology about the names you call your mother by Peter Blacklaws. It is right that satire and observation of what goes on should get into the comic magazines. Traditionally there is more high seriousness and honest ill-will in the funny parts of newspapers than in their leader columns and as radio gets more magaziney similar subversive tactics are to be applauded.

But it is hard to recall gadfly activities even when they are documentary, sociological, and all that. Rene Cutforth, a gifted gladiator of the net-and-trident school, should agree. The last time we met he roared through the preamble of an eloquent cursing of some stupid thing

I had written, only to balk when I asked what it was about. His piece this week was about sex and love and actors in England, and lasted half an hour. His net had captured an extraordinary pile of flapping fish, named and nameless, Christians and cats and wolves. Some spoke on behalf of their 'generation'; some had read a book on psychology; and others had had trouble with their parents, mistresses, and lovers. It was very funny, seriously dreadful, and a beautiful demonstration of what an excitable interviewer can collect with tape-recording's artful aid.

The speakers coughed up emotional clichés of the last twenty years by the baker's dozen, and yet several of them managed to sound like people. Cutforth supplied a running commentary on his models as modish as the judgment on a Paris collection of a fashion editress. Some amorous gambit has been out among the 'civilized' since we read *Lucky Jim*. I wish I could remember which.

There was strong stuff about the deeper reasons for the popularity of *Lolita* and good remarks on love in villages, on holiday and on the rebound. The recording should be studied by dramatists in conjunction with the full text of the Chatterley trial. It raised, but was wise

acid drops. Yet behind even the sharpest, most piercing nudge from Mr. Baxter's percipient elbow one sensed affection for his victim. The nearest to cruelty Mr. Baxter came was with his Augustus John. The beard-hidden non-sequiturs held too much truth.

ANTHONY COOKMAN, JNR.

Sound Broadcasting

DRAMA

The Joke about Love

'MONDAY NIGHT AT HOME', edited and produced by John Bridges (Home, February 13), generally passes an hour pleasantly. The music is interesting and when the sketches, essays, and bits of pure daftness fail to delight, they are, at least, brief. The humour is half traditional and half 'off-beat', or neo-conventional. So there isn't much to be said about it except to confess coyly that this jest is 'off my beat



Stanley Baxter impersonating Mr. Augustus John on February 14

not to discuss, the central questions about English attitudes to sex: 'Are those who find that sex is also comic, dirty beasts? What is honest vulgarity? What can we do to be healthy and saved?' Send answers to Cutforth, not to me.

The Lanchester Tradition by G. F. Bradby (Home, February 13) coped reasonably with another aspect of the English scene. The nastiness of public schools when they are in a bad way has produced quantities of tracts disguised as novels and I fancy that they have done good on the whole. As entertainment this specimen was above average, catching the boredom, feline gossip, and desperate goodwill of staff-rooms very well. The clerical senior master who doted on his athletic but stupid house prefects, nourished imbecile traditions, and was a power in the land was certainly once a reality. So was the verbally cynical teacher who hid sane educational ideals and was sliding down to defeat. It would be nice to believe in the success of the reforming headmaster. Anyway the balance of power was fairly stated, and the play was sound on the importance of rhododendrons and the fuddled good intentions of some parents and some governors.

Two short plays by W. B. Yeats which have made no impact on the theatre were given a well-deserved hearing (Third, February 14). *Calvary* was not easy to follow for an ancient and unfair reason. Yeats had interwoven songs of symbolic and other sorts of doubled meaning in among lucid dialogue. And deplorable though this is, one cannot take more than a part of the meaning of loaded words from a singing voice attended by instruments. The debate of Christ with Judas, Lazarus, and the gaming soldiers seemed honourably heretical. But the symbolism of the heron and other birds in the songs moved too fast and was masked by music. *The Resurrection*, a later play, came over much more effectively and the songs of Dionysus sounded more relevant. The argument, which might be crudely summarized as an attempt to reconcile the earliest Christian revelation with humane pagan rationalism, was conducted with intellectual daring and in splendidly clean speech. More astonishing still, it made a play of the sort that a brave priest might use as a ritual if anyone allowed him to.

FREDERICK LAWS

THE SPOKEN WORD



Listen and Learn

THE B.B.C. is the largest single provider of educational material in the world; and the pamphlet *Look, Listen and Teach*, published recently under the aegis of the School Broadcasting Council, pays eloquent tribute to the school broadcasting service. It urges, very rightly, that all colleges and departments of education should study broadcasting as part of their job, because it can give 'new meaning and point to the sciences, to the arts, and to being in school at all'. But sound radio does not only enrich more traditional methods of teaching: as Mr. James Reeves has observed, it helps pupils 'to free themselves from all the entanglements of mass entertainment, to keep at least some part of their personal individuality intact'; and since education does not end when we reach the school-leaving age, the preservation and enrichment of the individual remain essential. To preserve and enrich is a task that must be fulfilled by public-service broadcasting, and one can only endorse the recommendation sent by the Workers' Educational Association to the Pilkington Committee: that newspapers should be debarred from financial interests in broadcasting, and that the B.B.C. should control sound radio.

While the B.B.C. believes that its main impact on culture is made through its general programmes, it has widespread, long-term policies for further education. Network Three has just finished a follow-up course in Russian, and those who listen with any regularity until 1963 may also acquire some knowledge of Spanish, Italian, French, and German. (It would be a good thing, incidentally, if the language lessons could be supported by programmes on literature: on the French novel, or on unread classics, or the influence of foreign dramatists on today's theatre. We need to be more aware, too, of foreign history and foreign art. Radio can do a great deal to overcome international barriers; and schools and universities too often teach foreign languages without relation to foreign cultures.)

On March 22, again on Network Three, there begins a series of programmes on 'The Individual in Society', and in April comes a series for parents of school-leavers on 'Starting a Career'. The discussion of social and civic problems, the lucid presentation of wider issues, belong, again, to public-service broadcasting; and it is hard to see how commercial radio could show the same broad, impartial public spirit, or how independent local stations could possibly enjoy the same resources.

Mystery and detection lend themselves well to radio, and Mr. Durrell's programme on the Abominable Snowman in June had given me high hopes of 'The Great Sea Serpent' (Home Service, February 12). What of the prehistoric creature seen off the coast of Massachusetts in 1817, the beast attacked by an armed merchant cruiser between Scotland and the Arctic a century later? Here were the voices of some who had recently seen the aquatic phenomenon, comparing notes and theories about its existence and nature. It was as authentic as a lecture at the Natural History Museum. As a broadcast it did not catch fire; and an hour was too long to spend on deciding whether the Snark was a Boojum after all. I don't think this was merely critical perversity: when I turned to my fellow-listener, he was asleep.

Like Mr. Laws, I enjoyed Mr. Cutforth's programme, which was amusing with a strong current of seriousness. Talking of serious programmes, Alec Robertson's introduction to Dvořák's Second Symphony (Network Three, February 14) was a marked improvement on Hugh Ottaway's Mozart talk last week. 'Children's Newsreel' (Home Service, February 14) should send all right-minded schoolgirls straight to teacher to ask if they can play golf, not lacrosse. It is good to hear that progressive schools have decided, at long last, to teach their pupils games they can play in the adult world. As for Tuesday's programme, it included some nice bits and pieces, but it was rather too snappy and cramped for me. News cannot be digested so fast on sound radio; we cannot really learn if we have to listen like that.

JOANNA RICHARDSON

MUSIC



Old and New

THE BALANCE between old music and new was fairly maintained by the B.B.C. during the week, with programmes ranging from Monteverdi and Mozart to Musgrave and Marius Constant. Thea Musgrave, who is making a name for herself in this country (she comes from Edinburgh and has studied with Nadia Boulanger in Paris and Aaron Copland in America) was represented in the programme of last Thursday's 'Invitation Concert' (Third Programme) by her *Colloquy* for violin and piano which was being broadcast for the first time. Written in the fashionable dissonant idiom, this piece, consisting of four short movements, of which I thought the third

sounded particularly spiky, was most expertly played by Manoug Parikian and Lamar Crowson who later gave an excellent performance of Alan Rawsthorne's rather enigmatic, but most attractive Violin and Piano Sonata, through which there runs a vein of half camouflaged but genuine poetic feeling.

The remainder of the programme was devoted to seventeenth- and eighteenth-century choral music by Purcell and Rameau, in which the London Chamber Orchestra, under its conductor Anthony Bernard, was joined by the B.B.C. Chorus and a sextet of soloists consisting of Patricia Clark and Eileen Poulter (sopranos), Alfred Deller (counter-tenor), Gerald English and Edgar Fleet (tenors), and Roger Stalman (bass). Purcell's *Ode for Queen Mary's Birthday* (1692) was given a nicely polished and well-balanced performance with everything in its right place, under the expert guidance of Anthony Bernard, with Charles Spinks (harpsichord and organ) and John Shinebourne (cello) supplying the Continuo. Rameau was represented by the Motet *Quam dilecta tabernacula*, curiously Handelian in parts, but most interesting, if only as a reminder of how little we know, in this country at least, of the music of this great but unaccountably neglected master.

I will return now to Marius Constant, the thirty-six-year-old French-Rumanian composer, now living and working in Paris, whose *Twenty-Four Preludes* for orchestra were played by the B.B.C. Symphony Orchestra under Rudolf Schwarz at the Royal Philharmonic Society's Concert and broadcast from the Royal Festival Hall (Home Service, February 15). As with so many contemporary avant-garde composers, this work reflects an almost exclusive preoccupation with experiments in sound, and within those limits it undoubtedly achieves a measure of success. One could not but admire the composer's virtuosity in inventing and exploiting novel combinations of orchestral timbres—though even here the influence of Stravinsky in general and the *Sacre* in particular was very evident. The piano, used percussively, plays a prominent part; occasionally the texture took on a kind of spectral quality that was quite effective, but apart from the novelty of some of the orchestral sonorities it is doubtful whether the work as a whole could be said to have any real musical significance.

The same programme included Beethoven's C minor Piano Concerto, crisply and elegantly played by Mindru Katz, and Haydn's last (the 'London') symphony which was somehow, and disappointingly made to sound very pedestrian and uninspired. And for the Royal Philharmonic Society to end one of its concerts with the *Prelude to The Mastersingers* is surely an example of singularly unimaginative programme-building, though this, of course, was in no way the fault of the B.B.C.

The 'Music to Remember' programme last week (Home Service, February 14) was given by the B.B.C. Scottish Orchestra, under Norman Del Mar, and was especially memorable for the fine playing of Angus Morrison in Ravel's magnificent Concerto for the Left Hand. This is a work all too rarely heard, one very good reason for its neglect being, no doubt, the fact that there are not many pianists who are technically or temperamentally equipped to do it justice. But Angus Morrison possesses all the necessary qualities and gave a performance (for which praise is also due to the Scottish Orchestra and its conductor) that was quite outstanding.

I have just space to comment on two other programmes that deserve a special mention; those given by the Portia Wind Ensemble (Third Programme, February 14) and by the Ambrosian

Singers and Players (Third, February 18). In the latter Denis Stevens introduced and conducted a warm and moving performance of Monteverdi's *Madrigali guerrieri ed amorosi*, which he described as a 'summing up of Monteverdi's career as a composer of madrigals'—and indeed, the emotional range and intensity revealed in these five numbers is astonishing.

In the other programme we heard the first broadcast of Benjamin Frankel's *Five Bagatelles*

for wind quintet, string quartet, double-bass and harp (in which the Portia Ensemble was joined by Maria Korchinska and 'a string ensemble'). The unusual instrumental combination produced some very pleasant sonorities, and these short pieces, which are serial but not at all clinical, show real imagination and musicianship. They were preceded by a *Serenade* by Seiber for wind sextet which has an agreeably dry and witty flavour, almost reminiscent

of the Parisian 'Six' in their early days, and by a delicious youthful *Divertimento* by Mozart (K.166) the last movement of which, especially, had a very similar flavour. Finally, the broadcast, though only on gramophone records, of *The Turn of the Screw* (Third, February 19) afforded a welcome opportunity of hearing once again a work which I would consider to be Britten's masterpiece.

ROLLO H. MYERS

William Wordsworth's Symphonies

By SCOTT GODDARD

The Second Symphony will be broadcast at 8.50 p.m. on Friday, February 24 (Home)



THE PRESENT POSITION of writers of symphonies in this country is peculiarly interesting, if only because it appears to be precarious; it is as though the symphony had served its turn and was due to collapse. This is misleading, but there are signs that the symphony as an expression of thought and emotion is no longer as highly valued by composers of progressive opinion as it used to be. The attention of today's youthful minds is directed elsewhere. What is looked up to is music in shorter spans, smaller forms, music it would be wrong to consider undeveloped: simply music that eschews development of its material as a symphonic composer understands the principle which underlies his art.

Symphony has become an idol which is eminently useful for the iconoclastic new man to destroy, at least as far as the most advanced minds among them are concerned. That is a matter of personal taste, something as old as the art itself; the destruction of the god as prelude to the new spring. Within another generation it will take place again and the old idol, which will be by then the present new man's music, will be overthrown by the latest youthful composers. That they should turn away from our present urge towards fragmentation to the broader developments of symphony is not inherently improbable. Unless music turns wholly electronic, symphony may well undergo a fresh resurrection.

At the moment it seems to have entered a lunar phase, out of the sun. Yet symphonies still appear. Evidently there is, in this exacting type of creation, some magnetic attraction which urges men to undertake such testing tasks that demand the utmost concentration of thought and the finest craftsmanship. There must be something peculiarly enthralling in the writing of a symphony, particularly satisfying in having brought one to a successful conclusion.

The First Performance

It was at an Edinburgh Festival in 1951 that the first performance of William Wordsworth's Second Symphony was given. It stood second in the opening concert, given that year by the London Philharmonic Orchestra under Sir Adrian Boult. A good deal of extraneous attention had been brought to bear on this event. For one thing the symphony had won the Festival Prize in the previous year; because of that it was considered to be an important work. For another thing the composer bore a famous name. This was inevitably fodder for the gossip writers and they went to town on it, hailing the composer, I seem to remember, as a direct descendant of the poet. They were wrong. His direct ancestor was the poet's brother Christopher. But the error, whether it was the gossip columnist's

or some feather-brained talker's, did not much matter, except in so far as it drew attention away from the music. We London visitors to Edinburgh knew very little about Wordsworth's music. There was manifestly a First Symphony, though it had not been heard. In an earlier Edinburgh Festival a chamber music work had been performed and much appreciated; the G minor String Trio. But there was little for us to go on and few knew what to expect that night in the Usher Hall.

As it turned out the Second Symphony proved to be a handsome work at a first superficial glance, well found in all its parts and above all the type of music that had features of true symphonic cast.

So far Wordsworth has published five symphonies. For four years, during his late twenties, he had studied under Donald Tovey in whose 'understanding love of music' he had found 'an abiding inspiration' according to his dedication of the Second Symphony to his teacher. A Sinfonia for strings was one of the first important works to appear at the end of this formative period (1936) and within the next few years much chamber music was written, notably the First String Quartet (1941) and the admirable Second Quartet (1943), a work of distinction and considerable inventive power.

A Work That Compels Admiration

The First Symphony is dated 1944, when the composer was thirty-six. It is a work that compels admiration without securing complete assent, for although it is strong to the point of assertiveness and in the slow movement (the most appealing as well as the most concise of the four) there is deep feeling consistently communicated, the final judgment is that the work as a whole, in contrast to the Second Symphony, ends by having shown only an intermittent sense of logical development. After the Second Symphony, the concise, cogently reasoned Third in three movements (again as in the First and Second the slow movements contain the most individual creative thought) appeared in 1951 and had its first performance at the Cheltenham Festival two years later. The Fourth dates from 1953, the Fifth from 1960.

The Second Symphony is a profitable source of information on matters of style and technique, a central point in Wordsworth's career, a useful work from which to start an inquiry into his music. It is also one of his most characteristic works, not the most advanced in symphonic manipulation (both the Third and Fourth are symphonies that show more subtle and profound processes of thought) but still a work of perceptive intelligence and one that holds the attention. From the Edinburgh performance one recalls the effect the music had, at a single hearing:

its restrained intensity and what seemed then a notably cool emotional quality, a sense of aloofness. I would qualify that assessment somewhat, now that the score has become available, especially as regards aloofness. The other epithets remain permissible, I think, with their implied suggestion that this is music of interest, in the first place, to knowledgeable musicians rather than to the uninitiated.

Design of Interlinked Fifths

The four movements share a minute design of interlinked fifths (the opening phrase of the Symphony) which, without undue insistence, relates them sufficiently firmly the one to the other. This phrase broadens into expansive designs capable of sustaining such large climaxes as the coda of the first movement (which ends remarkably in a gradual thinning and softening of the texture) and even more impressively it provides the final coda that sums up the whole Symphony. The scherzo is light and rapid, and the eloquent slow movement has a quality of reflective introspection that is typical of Wordsworth when dealing with this aspect of symphonic music.

The seventh *Opera Annual*, edited by Harold Rosenthal (Calder, price 25s. in hard cover and 15s. paper cover) is now available. The emphasis this year is on Italian opera.

* * *

The fifteenth edition of *World Radio Television Handbook* is now available, price 16s. 6d. (17s. 9d. including postage.) The Handbook is published by World Publications, Lindorffsalle 1, Hellerup, Denmark, and can be ordered through booksellers. It gives complete and up-to-date information about all the radio and television stations in the world.

* * *

Sensitometric Control in Film Making is the title of B.B.C. Engineering Division Monograph No. 33 for December 1960. It has been written by Mr. L. J. Wheeler, F.R.P.S., and describes the calibration and operation of the Type X6 and the Type MND Line Densitometer installed at Alexandra Palace, together with a detailed description of the system of sensitometry established to control the continuous processing of films used in the B.B.C. television news programmes. Monograph No. 34, for February 1961, is *A Mobile Laboratory for UHF and VHF Television Surveys*, by E. W. Taylor, M.A., and L. C. Munn. Both monographs can be obtained (5s. post free) from B.B.C. Publications, 35 Marylebone High Street, London, W.1, or through newsagents and booksellers.

Bridge Forum

Answers to Listeners' Questions—XVIII

By HAROLD FRANKLIN and TERENCE REESE



Question 1 (from W. E. Davies, Bromley): West dealer; Game all:

WEST	EAST
♠ A Q 9 8	♠ 10 6
♥ J 8 6	♥ K 10 3
♦ A K J 3 2	♦ Q 10 9
♣ K	♣ A 10 9 8 6

With opponents silent, the bidding was:

WEST	EAST
1 D	2 D
2 Sp	3 D
No Bid	

Where did the bidding go wrong?

Answer: If we accept the Two Diamonds response as East's best action, East should still view his hand in the most favourable light when his partner makes a further effort. Had his partner opened One Spade his splendid array of middle cards would have made him almost worth an immediate reply of Two No Trumps. Now, when his partner's second bid shows both a spade suit and a strong opening bid, East ought to do no less than bid Three No Trumps. If West's hand is unsuitable for No Trump play, East should not view the prospects of Four or Five Diamonds with dismay.

If East's tens and nines had been fives and fours there would have been a good deal to commend his first response. As things were, Two Clubs would have been a better reply.

Question 2 (from J. H. Carrow, Great Dumfries): East dealer; Love all:

WEST	EAST
♠ A Q	♠ None
♥ K Q 9 8 6	♥ A
♦ None	♦ K Q 10 8 7 6 5 2
♣ A 6 5 4 3 2	♣ K Q J 7

East opened Five Diamonds, South passed, and West raised to Six Diamonds. Would you comment on both bids?

Answer: East's opening bid might have been well judged had his position at the table been other than it was. After two passes, for example, he might have abandoned his own prospects of a better contract in favour of the advantage of making things difficult for the opposition. In front of his partner, however, the merits of his bid are outweighed by other considerations. He has sufficient defensive values not to be disturbed at the prospects of opponents playing the hand. Although he has only one card in the major suits his partner may be well supplied. One ace (in a minor suit) is likely to give him a slam—and West will need a good deal more than that to respond to an opening bid of Five Diamonds. He would not respond if he held only the two minor aces, in which event the hand would virtually spread for thirteen tricks. East therefore is best advised to open with a forcing bid.

Conceding the opening bid of Five Diamonds, should West raise? Many use the yardstick that partner who has opened Five of a minor should be counted for nine tricks. Responder adds his top tricks, and if the answer is twelve, he can bid Six. That would justify West's raise, if he had not been void of trumps. A void creates the possibility that partner will lose one trump trick that he had not counted on losing. With eight trumps headed by the K Q 10 two losers are unlikely. Opposite a void the odds favour two losers.

Question 3 (from J. B. Keenan, Coventry):

WEST	EAST
♠ 10 4	♠ A K Q J 9
♥ J 10 9	♥ A 8 5 3
♦ K 4 2	♦ A Q 7
♣ A K 8 4 2	♣ J

A trump was led against East's contract of Six Spades. I played for split heart honours and went down, when I might have made by playing for a 4-3 club division. Which was the better chance?

Answer: Playing for the heart honours to be divided, without a doubt. It is 3 to 1 against South holding both king and queen of hearts. To develop a long club by ruffing twice, the spades must divide 3-3 and the clubs 4-3: that is only about a 25 per cent. chance.



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Adding a Zest to Food

Flavouring with Ginger

MOST COOKS associate ginger primarily with cake and pudding, but like its pungency in savoury dishes too. Dried root ginger is not much used in cooking, aside from pickles and chutneys, but I sometimes add (or green ginger for that matter) to the stock-pot or to a beef or mutton stew. Green ginger is not dried and is soft enough to mash. One adds water to the mash, lets it stand a few hours, then drains it off and uses the flavoured liquid. Sometimes I use preserved ginger in a dry curry, but for a wet curry I prefer to use the liquid from steeped green ginger. Roast lamb can be specially good if the fat is sprinkled with ground ginger before cooking, or if the ginger is mixed with flour and sprinkled over the fat when the joint is nearly ready. Ground ginger also goes well with roast duck, either placed inside or rubbed into the skin.

Try putting slices of preserved ginger in a zabab (that delicious mixture of meat and vegetables cooked on a skewer), between the meat and tomatoes, and the onion and the green sweet pepper and mushrooms.

Perhaps my favourite way of using preserved ginger is with grilled or baked tomatoes. I simply press chopped ginger into the tomato halves, top with a knob of butter, and cook them. The sweetness and acidity blend deliciously and the browned ginger gives a tangy flavour.

Banana and preserved ginger (that is ginger bottled in syrup) go together perfectly, cooked or uncooked. For a quickly prepared hot sweet, try splitting bananas, browning them in a little

butter, sprinkling them with a spoonful or two of ginger syrup then with chopped ginger, and serve with cream or ice cream.

YVONNE TRETHEWY

—'Woman's Hour' (Light Programme)

Cooking with Brandy

Some brandies can be bought for as little as thirty shillings a bottle and, as a light hand should always be used when cooking with brandy, it is not such an expensive addition to a dish as one might at first think.

Brandy brings out the flavour of fruit, both fresh and dried, in an amazing way. I enjoy using brandy in some more unusual ways in cooking: a sauce, to go with mussels, made from the liquid they were cooked in, with lemon juice and a dessertspoon of brandy is delicious. A teaspoon of brandy added to mayonnaise or to a French dressing which has been made with oil and tarragon vinegar makes a subtle and pleasant change—but be discreet.

Brandy is a splendid attribute to chicken, and if when making a chicken casserole one either 'flames' the chicken first in a tablespoon of brandy or adds it to the casserole about twenty minutes before serving, it gives an added zest to the dish. Jellyed chicken or jellyed rabbit—a particular favourite of mine—is much enhanced in flavour by the addition of a dessertspoon of brandy to the liquid aspic.

At a dinner party, brandy in puddings, whether for blazing or for using as an ingredient, is almost indispensable. I put two teaspoons into pancake batter when making

either jam pancakes or *Crêpe Suzette*; and an otherwise rather dull fruit salad, by the addition of a tablespoon of brandy, can be made a dramatic climax to a meal.

MICHAEL FINLAYSON

—'Woman's Hour' (Light Programme)

Notes on Contributors

SIR IVOR JENNINGS, K.B.E. (page 337): Master of Trinity Hall, Cambridge University; Constitutional Adviser, Pakistan, 1954-55; author of *Problems of the New Commonwealth, Party Politics*, etc.

SIR HUGH CASSON (page 338): architect; Professor of Interior Design, Royal College of Art; author of *Homes by the Million, Red Lacquer Days*, etc.

SIR HERBERT READ (page 338): formerly President of the Institute of Contemporary Arts; author of *Education for Peace, Icon and Idea, Form in Modern Poetry*, etc.

PETER SWANN (page 338): Senior Assistant Keeper at the Museum of Eastern Art, Oxford; author of *An Introduction to the Arts of Japan*, etc.

G. S. KIRK (page 345): Lecturer in Classics, Cambridge University; author (with J. E. Raven) of *The Presocratic Philosophers*, etc.

REYNER BANHAM (page 347): assistant executive editor of *The Architectural Review*; author of *Theory and Design in the First Machine Age*

H. D. LEWIS (page 354): Professor of the History and Philosophy of Religion, London University; author of *Morals and Revelation, Our Experience of God*, etc.

C. DAY LEWIS, C.B.E. (page 358): Professor of Poetry, Oxford University, 1951-56; author of *The Buried Day*, etc.

Crossword No. 1,604.

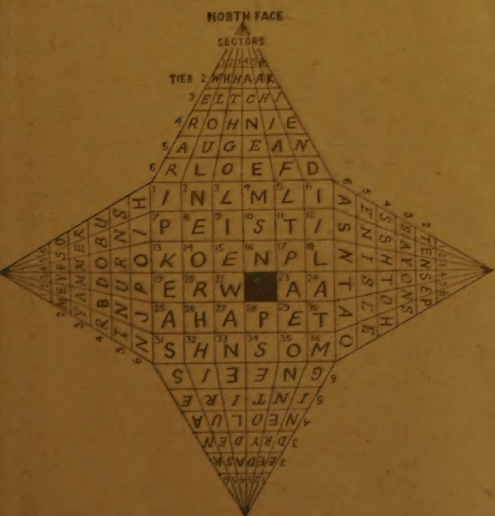
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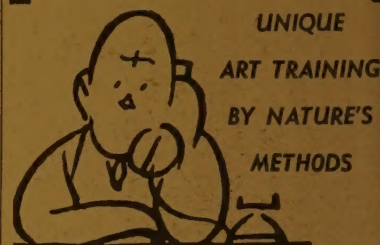
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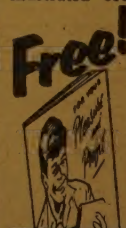
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